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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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A High Brow Editorial

THE comfortable theory that when illiteracy disappears we shall all be civilized will have to be given up. Substantially all can read now, and see what they read—what acres of barren triviality are printed for their content, what cheap and ever cheaper sensations are made the staple of print, how the newspapers must either struggle for life against the down-dragging of the million-minded animal or endeavor to be first to reach a lower level of vulgarity, how the magazines know the same law! That literacy sharpens intelligence is certain, but that it can paralyze ideas, deaden originality, and substitute flat, fake mimicry of second-hand thinking for what was at least honest instinct, seems also to be demonstrated. No one would seriously advocate a renaissance of illiteracy, yet it had its advantages.

Now that we can all read, and seem so little nearer to civilization, it begins to be evident that what we need is not more facts (of which there is the devil's plenty) but more imagination. The news reading man knows a little about pretty much everything, and has heard of the rest. The magazine reading women can talk about the world and his wife and all her concerns. Their information is plentiful, if inaccurate, and they inevitably acquire a marginal interest in whatever ideas are floating loose, and keep their stock ready to circulate, like coins in a purse which are mine today, tomorrow yours. The literate modern can connect his mind, like a telephone, to anything, anywhere. So far, as good as it is; but all his facilities do not enable him to comprehend what is said if it goes beyond the patter of conventional experience. He knows the words, but not what they mean.

Excessive reading of the flat and the flatulent has developed length at the expense of depth. The print-fed modern is shallow and curiously inexpressive of his emotions; by comparison with peasants and primitive types generally he seems to have no emotions that are not echoes of something he has read. His imagination is weak; he does not respond to whatever departs from the expected curve of the movie plot or the standardized idea. He is intelligent but his intelligence weakens as quickly as the brain of the uneducated when it is applied to truth not familiar in print. Indeed, the stuff and nonsense of a gum-chewer's journal cannot be bundled into the human mind day after day without results. The mass of sweepings becomes the mind itself, and it is not surprising that such a type-crammed brain has few responses of its own to make to anger, hate, or love, and is even more incapable of an idea of its own.

We gave the Indian a horse, a rifle, a pair of trousers, and a whisky bottle, and lo! he changed from an interesting savage to a worthless vagabond. We taught what once were the lower classes to read with the expectation that they would become happier, worthier, more useful. They have become more powerful certainly; if they are happier it is not because they have the Daily Murder to read instead of talk with each other. Talk indeed becomes progressively worse as reading increases until literacy has passed into true education, which happens with only one in a thousand. If they are more civilized than before, it is not due to the reading that is chiefly provided for them, since that depicts a Byzantine culture, barbarism painted with culture skin deep. If they are worthier, it is not the ideas they get from their reading which makes them so, for these have the depth and the truth of an electric sign.

October Night

By HILDEGARDE FLANNER

THE moonlight is of glass among the trees,
Elate and cool among the haunted trees.
Night is detained in delicate light, in lunar tapers,
So fair and final is the night, complete as stone.
Here is Summer's frosty ghost and her pale skeleton.
Night, the luminous tomb, contains the remembered sleeper.

While bird in olive orchard
Hangs bells along the orchard
And shakes the silver branches to his belated vesper,
Like syllables of prophecy spoken from a star
The song abounds and lingers on the air
Till silence, as a mighty door, shuts on a holy whisper.

This Week

"Disarmament." Reviewed by *John Bakeless.*
"The Collective Spirit." *Reviewed* by *J. W. T. Mason.*
"Sanctuary! Sanctuary!" Reviewed by *Herbert Ravenel Sass.*
"The Road Round Ireland." Reviewed by *Ernest Boyd.*
"Dialogues in Limbo." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*
"An Outline of Abnormal Psychology." Reviewed by *F. G. Baynes.*
Books By and On Gosse. Reviewed by *Edward Davison.*
"You Can't Win." Reviewed by *Robertus Love.*
Two Books on the Circus. Reviewed by *M. R. Werner.*
The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

The New Britannica: Inside and Out. By *C. K. Ogden.*
Washington Irving. By *Henry Seidel Canby.*
The Enigma of John Sargent. By *Frank Jewett Mather.*
"A Million and One Nights." Reviewed by *Will Hayes.*
"Sutter's Gold." Reviewed by *M. R. Werner.*
Next Week: Fall Announcement Number.

The age of belief in mechanical miracles is passing. Machines do not make utopias, democracy is not automatic good government, prosperity is not always progress, and though reading, as Bacon said, maketh a full man, we must question—full of what?

A Close-Up of Poe

By CARL SCHREIBER
Yale University

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, quite universally known as the author of "Ben Bolt," has left an important "close-up" of Poe—the man that we have just recently unearthed.

> Poe means to be candid, and labors under the strange hallucination that he is so: but he has strong prejudices, and, without the least intention of irreverence, would wage war with the Deity, if the divine canons militated against his notions. . . . He can do nothing in the common way; and buttons his coat after a fashion peculiarly his own. If we ever caught him doing a thing like anybody else, or found him reading a book any other way than upside down, we would implore his friends to send for a straight-jacket, and a Bedlam doctor. He were mad, then, to a certainty.

Now Poe and Thomas Dunn English were intimates for a relatively long period. They had met in Philadelphia during Poe's connection with *Burton's Magazine.* What they had in common is difficult to determine—at first, very probably politics, later certainly literature. At all events English was an active supporter of Tyler, edited a newspaper, *The Aurora*, during the period of campaigning, and received ultimately for his labors a lucrative position in the New York Custom House. It is a matter of record that Poe, too, toward the end of his Philadelphia days was vainly endeavoring to procure from the Tyler administration an appointment to some custom house position. English was already well established in New York when Poe came there. Many years later Mr. English in referring to Poe's hasty retreat from Philadelphia in 1844 makes these insinuating remarks; "I happen to know why, and there were several others who knew all about it. They are all, I believe, dead. I am the sole possessor of the scandalous secret, and as its recital would do no good to anyone, the whole affair shall be buried with me." I wonder whether Mr. English during the hectic days of '45 and '46 ever reminded Poe of these facts?

Meanwhile Mr. English living comfortably from his political income had brought his fast expiring *Aurora* to the very threshold of the New Year 1845. At this juncture the *Evening Mirror* announced, "The fair daughter of the dawn, has sank into darkness—in plain English is dead." His proposed monthly magazine, *The Aristidean*, had, however, long since been announced. Meanwhile Poe who had written to Thomas; "I would be glad to get almost any appointment—even a $500 one—so that I may have something independent of letters for a subsistence"—sat at a desk in a corner of the *Mirror* office functioning as a "mechanical paragraphist."

No doubt Poe was at this time keenly aware of the great discrepancy in social standing that had arisen between himself and Dr. English. The latter had also made a considerable stride toward literary fame through some happy accident which had guided his pen. On September 2nd, 1843, there had appeared in *The New Mirror*, introduced by a characteristic Willis line; "Read this, for a strong and true feeling in measure to suit," a poem. It began,

> Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt;

and was signed modestly T. D. E. To my knowledge this is the only time that Mr. English did not sign his name in full; and it is, strangely enough, the one time when he should properly have gone to that length. English, of course, had been dabbling in literature before this time. H. B. Hirst, English,

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and Poe had composed a friendly literary circle during a portion of the Philadelphia days. Poe later became estranged from Hirst when that worthy parodied two lines of "The Haunted Palace" thus:

> Never nigger shook a shin-bone
> In a dance-house half so fair.

Poe was particularly sensitive to such breaches of good taste. Here it was clearly a personal matter, but there are instances enough on record where Poe's sensitive nature was irritated to such a degree at reading a sorry poem or a silly story that he utterly forgot himself. Indeed, one of Poe's severer critics maintains that "it was his sensitiveness to artistic imperfections, rather than any malignity of feeling, that made his criticisms so severe, and procured him a host of enemies among persons toward whom he entertained no personal ill-will."

For the decade beginning in 1835 one can detect in Poe's criticisms an alarming crescendo of irritation coupled with ever more unbecoming verbal explosions, until the final less violent discharge of the *Literati* in 1846. They begin: "Mr. Fay's style is unworthy of a school boy," and continue in the *Broadway Journal;* "To the poet himself, William W. Lord, we have only to say—from any further specimens of your stupidity, good Lord deliver us!" The outburst following is certainly pathological. Poor Poe who had just gone through the tremendous strain of defending his ill-considered hoax of reading one of his "juvenile" poems before the Boston Lyceum, thus slashes a rival lecturer: "to crown all [he assumes] a pitiable affectation of humility altogether unbecoming a man, [and has] an elocution that would disgrace a pig, and an odd species of gesticulation of which a baboon would have excellent reason to be ashamed."

Poe might have spared his nerves in this instance. But as a reviewer of current books, he could not escape reading what came from the press, and the literary output of that day was in most instances unconscionably trashy. Now of all the maddening trashy literature published under the very eyes of Poe during the forties a very tantalizing portion [illegible] to Thomas Dunn English. Strangely [illegible]e impossible to determine whether it [illegible]or fear which held Poe in restraint [illegible]iced publicly the occasional writings of Mr. English. After Poe had issued his "honest opinion" of Mr. English in the *Literati* papers, this offended gentleman countered with his famous "A Card" printed in the *Evening Mirror*. Here he charges Poe that "his (Poe's) review of my style and manner is only amusing when contrasted with his former laudation, almost to sycophancy, of my work." Poe's reply to this charge is convincing.

> The sin of having, at one time, attempted to patronize him, is, I fear, justly to be laid to my charge. . . . I solemnly say that in no paper of mine did there ever appear one word about this gentleman—unless of the broadest and most unmistakable irony. . . .

This is the whole truth. I have carefully followed Poe's criticisms of *The Aristidean* from their beginning. These reviews Poe wrote tongue in cheek, keeping, however, always within a safe limit so as not openly to offend one who seems to have had some strange control over him. I choose as a convincing example "of the most unmistakable irony" the first review of the magazine which Poe contributed to the *Evening Mirror* just before joining Briggs on the *Broadway Journal.*

> We speak of Mr. English's long promised *Aristidean*—a title, by the way, which is aptly indicative of the temper and tone of the work. . . . The articles . . . are without exception forcible—pointed and pungent—rather than declamatory, and rather than particularly profound. Much is done in small compass. "Whom Shall We Hang?" is a vigorous paper of just the right length, on a topic of precisely the right kind. "The Ropemaker" is in verse, just such a paper as "Whom Shall We Hang?" is in prose, and by this we intend a compliment, beyond doubt. "Arrow-Tip" is a long story—*too* long. The critique on George Jones is powder wasted. . . . Many of the . . . poetical pieces interspersed throughout the number are of a high order of excellence. The *Aristidean* is, upon the whole, an admirable journal, and will yet do good service.

Lack of space constrains us to spare the reader these "poetical pieces." But how Poe must have gasped at such poetic figures as:

> My love, good night! let slumber steep
> In poppy-juice those melting eyes, . . .

The deepest anguish came, however, when Poe was no longer able to keep this prince of bunglers out of the *Broadway Journal.* In September, 1845, Poe became sole editor, about a month later also proprietor. English had loaned Poe $30 to assist him in paying Bisco for the paper, and for these few dollars English expected an interest in the *Journal.* In the issue of September 27 occurs one of the saddest juxtapositions in history: "Ligeia," by Edgar A. Poe, and "The Bread Snatcher," by Thomas Dunn English. In writing of his Tales of Duyckinck Poe says that "each tale is equally good of its kind. The loftiest kind is that of the highest imagination;—and for this reason only 'Ligeia' may be called my best tale." From "The Bread Snatcher" (almost two full columns of the *Broadway Journal*) I quote two verses at random.

> To fragments in our hunger fierce
> That sweet, sweet loaf we tore;
> And gathered afterwards the crumbs,
> From off the dusty floor.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I left the house and sought the street—
> My mind was growing wild;
> And playing with a pile of dust,
> I saw a chubby child.

Professor Woodberry has loaned me the phrase which best characterizes English's early writings; "no quotation could do sufficient injustice to them—they must be read in order to be properly damned."

Poe might have avoided a great deal of notoriety if he had charitably passed over Mr. English in his *Literati* papers. He deliberately finds a pretext for including him. "I place Mr. English on my list . . . not on account of his poetry (which I presume he is not weak enough to estimate very highly) but on the score of his having edited . . . a monthly magazine called *The Aristidean.* But this again is only subterfuge. What is Poe's condition at this point? The *Broadway Journal* is dead, he himself has lost caste as editor, and has for the moment no reliable source of income, while English keeps dunning him for the $30 which Poe is in no position to pay. At this juncture all that pent-up wrath sired by the false praise of trash he had in all other quarters brutally exposed, found its vent in his *Literati* paper. Poe's article on English has been variously estimated. Professor Woodberry goes to the length of proclaiming that "No mortal ever held pen who would not resent such an article as was Poe's in this instance—a sort of grotesque in criticisms." Is Professor Woodberry still thinking here of the article as "edited" by Griswold? Certainly contemporary opinion of the original article in Godey's leaves the impression that English had not come off too badly. "Yorick" writing up the law-suit in the column, "The Court Journal," for the *Evening Mirror* of February 18, '47, gives this slant to the proceedings:

> Although the sketch (Poe's) of Mr. English *was a mere scratch,* still the latter being quite as sharp a marksman with the quill as the former, determined to give a shot for a shot and selected as his revolver the *Evening Mirror.* Mr. Poe's attack was the mere snapping of a percussion cap, compared to Mr. English's fusee, and as he found the pen fight an unequal one, he resorted to a libel suit. . . .

This was the opinion of a paid contributor to the paper whose editor and proprietor Poe had sued and from whom he had the day before obtained damages. This famous suit against the *Evening Mirror* leads us directly to our most important discovery.

Mr. English, not so bold under pressure, did not wait the coming on of the trial. Feeling certain that he would be criminally involved, he hastened off to Washington. His unceremonious departure greatly delayed the trial. The original papers in the suit: Edgar A. Poe vs. Hiram Fuller and Augustus W. Clason, Jr., were filed in the Superior Court of New York City on July 23, 1846. The disagreeable affair was not settled until the seventeenth of February of the following year, at which time Poe received $225 damages. There is much evidence in The Rough Minutes of the Superior Court hinting at pressure brought to bear on the defendants. But the *Mirror* crowd could not induce any one to testify against Poe—and English was in Washington. The Court now quite desperate, appointed a Commission on February 1 to go to the Capital and take the deposition of the fugitive Thomas Dunn English. This deposition was recorded, opened, and filed on February 15, 1847.

About a year ago a happy chance slipped these fascinating papers into my hands, and now after approximately eighty years we can actually listen in on a trial, as interesting surely from a literary standpoint as any in our brief annals. Space will not permit to give all the evidence brought out in the deposition; the remainder and much other new material we reserve for a more extensive discussion in a monograph now in preparation.

COMMISSION

Thomas Dunn English, of the City of New York, at present in the City of Washington, by occupation an author, aged twenty-eight years, being duly and publicly sworn . . . doth depose and say as follows, to wit:

First Interrogatory:

Do you know Edgar A. Poe? If yea, how long, and how intimately have you known him?

I know Edgar A. Poe: became acquainted with him shortly after he was first associated with Mr. William E. Burton in the conduct of the *Gentleman's Magazine.* This was sometime previous to the year 1840. I cannot say in what year without I had the files of the magazine by me to refresh my memory. Our acquaintanceship at portions of the time was very intimate.

Second Interrogatory:

What is the general character of said Poe?

The general character of said Poe is that of a notorious liar, a common drunkard, and of one lost to all the obligations of honor.

Fourth Interrogatory:

State the particulars of a pecuniary transaction with Edgar A. Poe referred to in an article published in the *Evening Mirror* of the 23rd day of June in the year 1846 over the signature of Thomas Dunn English.

Mr. Poe called upon me, I think, in the early part of October, 1845, stated that he had an opportunity to purchase the whole of the *Broadway Journal* of which he said he was then part owner, that he lacked a part of the money necessary to effect the purchase, that if I would let him have the money which he desired he would let me have an interest in said journal, that the said journal would be profitable to those concerned in it, which consideration induced me to loan him the money he required which was only $30; being aware that my only chance of repayment would be from the profits of said journal. I had not the money by me, and Mr. Poe was to send for it the next day. Accordingly at the time appointed Mr. John Bisco, the person of whom Mr. Poe had said the remaining interest in said journal had to be purchased, called on me with a written order from Mr. Poe. I gave him the money and retained the order which I have since mislaid. Mr. Poe not only never repaid me the money, but never conveyed nor offered to convey to me an interest in said journal. This and the fact that I afterwards learned that the said journal was not a profitable investment, constituted the false pretences to which I referred in the article alluded to in this Interrogatory.

Fifth Interrogatory:

State what you know of the Charge of Forgery imputed to Edgar A. Poe in an article alluded to in the last Interrogatory.

The charge of forgery referred to was made against Mr. Poe by a Merchant in Broadstreet, whose name I forget. Mr. Poe stated to me that this gentleman was jealous of him and his visits to Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, the writer, the wife of S. S. Osgood, the artist, that this gentleman was desirous of having criminal connection with Mrs. Osgood and that supposing he, Mr. Poe, to be a favored rival, he had cautioned Mrs. Osgood against receiving his, Poe's, visits, alleging to her that he, Poe, had been guilty of forgery upon his, Poe's, uncle. Mr. Poe then said to me that his rival was a great rascal and with a profuse flood of tears asked my advice as to what course he should pursue. As the charge was a serious one I advised that some friend of Mr. Poe should wait upon the gentleman who had made the charges, and request either a denial or a retraction. Mr. Poe requested me to perform this office and I consented. I called on the gentleman who would not on his own responsibility avow the truth of the charge nor would he retract, saying that he was not sure whether he had heard it from a certain other person, whom he named, or whether he himself had told it to that person. He declined holding any further conversation on the subject from the contempt which he held for Mr. Poe, avowing at the same time in answer to an inquiry from me, that his refusal arose from *no* want of respect for myself. On communicating these facts to Mr. Poe he asked my advice as to what course he should next pursue, I told him that he had his alternative as long as his adversary would not retract, either to fight or bring suit. The latter he preferred and as he said he had no money to fee a lawyer, I induced a friend of mine to take charge of his suit, without a fee to oblige me. Mr. Poe afterwards informed me that

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First Cross-Interrogatory:

What is your present business or profession, and in what have you been engaged for the last two years?

I am an author and editor. I have been the same for the last two years with the exception of some eight or nine months or more, during which I held the office of weigher of the customs at New York.

Eighth Cross-Interrogatory:

Did not Mr. John Bisco apply to you and receive the money alluded to, when Mr. Poe was not present, and what was the amount; and at the time you gave Mr. Bisco such money were you not indebted to Mr. Poe for an article relating to American Poetry published by you in a periodical called *The Aristidean?*

Mr. John Bisco did apply to me as stated . . . and received from me the sum of $30. I was not indebted to Mr. Poe at the time for the article referred to, nor was I indebted to him at all.

Ninth Cross-Interrogatory:

Had you not previous to Mr. Bisco's calling on you caused to be published in *The Aristidean* articles or an article or some portion thereof from Mr. Poe's manuscript, or which had been written by him and for which you had never paid him?

I did not. I never published anything from the pen of Mr. Poe for which I did not pay him promptly on the delivery to me of the manuscript, except an article on American Poetry or a portion of an article on said subject which was given to me by Mr. Poe without solicitation in the presence of Mr. Thomas H. Lane.

Tenth Cross-Interrogatory:

Have you ever and how often paid Mr. Poe for literary articles to be published by you or which you had published?

I have, but do not recollect how often.

Examination taken, reduced to writing and by the witness subscribed and sworn to the 11th day of February, 1847, before J. B. H. Smith, Acting Commissioner. I am not certain whether he read me portions of this apology or stated to me its general nature: but the impression on my mind at the time was that the apology was by no means sufficient. I advised him to prosecute the matter until a retraction or an atonement could be obtained. This so far as I know was never obtained. I should mention also that I bore a note from Mr. Poe to his adversary which he refused to answer.

In Prevention of War

DISARMAMENT. By P. J. Noel Baker. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by John Bakeless
Author of "Origin of the Next War"

OF all the problems that vex the contemporary world, none is of more vital importance than disarmament. The very existence of our civilization quite probably depends upon its speedy solution. And yet no question suffers more from the manner in which it is usually treated.

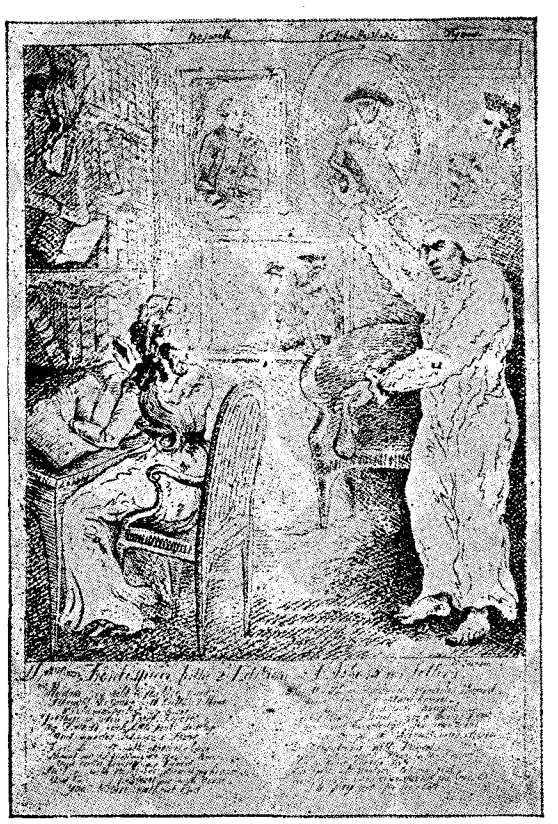
Most popular writing on the subject is incurably emotional. It denounces the waste and wickedness of armies and navies, without honest examination of the conditions that make their existence necessary. The conventional closing chapter of each succeeding book inevitably contains a panacea. These are all different but they agree in one point. They are all supremely unworkable.

It is refreshing, therefore, to pick up Professor P. J. Noel Baker's "Disarmament." Here are no hysterics, no attitudes, no panaceas,—and no cheap cynicism, either. Professor Baker wastes no time in proving the obvious. He assumes that war is a bad business to start with, and sets off upon a sober examination of the possibility of cutting down the supply of tools necessary to its prosecution, and thereby reducing the possibility of war itself. There are no magic prescriptions, guaranteed to bring a solution of the disarmament problem overnight, but there is something vastly more important,—a patient, clear, and exact study of its various phases, together with a luminous analysis of the various solutions proposed for each.

One emerges at the end, it is true, with the main problem still unsolved; but one also emerges aware of half a score of hopeful and eminently practical steps that can be taken toward ultimate solution. "Disarmament" is one of those rare books that lives up to the publishers' blurb on the cover. It is quite fair to call it "the first comprehensive and practical book" in its field, where stern practicality is, Heaven knows! a rare virtue. Formerly a member of the League of Nations' Secretariat, now Professor of International Relations in the University of London, the author has the advantage of combining learning with stern experience in applying it to the wicked world of international affairs.

In a succinct chapter or two, Professor Baker outlines the necessity of disarmament,—not necessarily a complete disarmament, but as complete as the nations can be persuaded to accept. He then summarizes what the League has already accomplished, and the special difficulties that remain. One of these, the present superabundance of trained ex-soldiers, will obviously right itself with the inexorable passage of time. The rest are not so simple. The practice of conscription is one. It is too thoroughly established to expect its abandonment; but it makes armies so huge that enormous stocks of munitions are required to equip them. And as no state can risk being caught unprepared, even those which do not conscript their citizens except in time of war must fill their arsenals. Another difficulty lies in the fact that so many modern weapons have peaceful uses, that no industrial state can genuinely disarm without crippling its economic life.

It is hard to agree on a method by which to begin disarming, or a standard by which to judge the relative strength of various nations. Limitation of military budgets is impractical because standards of living vary so widely. The cost of maintaining the expensive American regular, for example, would



Mrs. Piozzi and Dr. Johnson
From "A Selection of the Letters of Horace Walpole," edited by W. J. Lewis (Harpers)

maintain a number of the ill-paid conscripts of European armies. Limitation of the stocks of munitions owned by the governments of the world would also solve the problem; but this is impossible unless governments are willing to submit to outside control. There remains a limitation on the number of men in the peace time, standing army, perhaps the most workable method.

The limitation of naval armaments he finds much simpler, because limitation of a single factor, the warships themselves, which cannot, like armies, be improvised in an emergency, pretty definitely determines a nation's naval strength. Models for the necessary agreements, both by land and sea, already exist in the armaments clauses of the Treaty of Versailles and the Trianon, and in the Washington Conference. More is likely to be heard of this proposal,—though Professor Baker does not say so,—as soon as Germany begins to feel at home in the League Council.

Aerial disarmament, "probably the crux upon which the whole policy of disarmament will succeed or fail," is the most perplexing problem of all. Believing that bombardment from the air will probably be "the principal offensive weapon of any future war," Professor Baker deals at length with this part of his subject, even going so far as to remind us that certain enthusiasts have recommended the total abolition of all aircraft, civil or military, by a general international agreement.

But though aircraft cause serious difficulties to the disarmament expert, they also hold out the greatest hope. An international concentration of aircraft against a single recalcitrant state would be well-nigh irresistible, and is therefore the League's best method of compelling peace,—providing the Powers are willing to coöperate.

Professor Baker has written as hopeful a book as an honest man can write on this particular subject. He examines the whole field. He blinks no difficulties,—indeed one of his chief contributions is his careful summary of the difficulties. He criticizes with great discrimination the proposals already made. But he leaves his reader not only with a distinct impression that something can be done, but with a clear-cut idea of what that something is.

"Disarmament," though it is so written as to be intelligible to anybody, is a serious book for serious students. It is to be regretted that there is no index, the lack of which cuts its value in half, and it is to be hoped that Professor Baker will presently write a shorter and more popular book for that wider audience which needs it so badly.

A Pioneer Adventure

THE COLLECTIVE SPIRIT: An Idealistic Theory of Evolution. By Viggo Cavling. Translated from the Danish by W. Worster. New York: Brentano's. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by J. W. T. Mason
Author of "Creative Freedom"

THE East is turning to the West for instruction in the ways of materialistic success, and the West is seeking in the East ways to interpret the immaterial triumphs of the spirit. Each thus gives as it receives, thereby escaping the condemnation of Gautama Buddha, who described those as poorest who receive without giving. Mr. Cavling's book is an example of the increasing tribute of the Occident to the spiritual intuitions of the Orient, while at the same time, it adds to what it takes.

Mr. Cavling is, as he says, somewhat unde influence of his fellow countryman, the D philosopher, Ludvig Feilberg. Still more is h der the unconfessed and perhaps not fully realized influence of Eastern mysticism, when he espies the trend of evolution away from material individuality toward an all-embracing spirituality. It is this pantheistic creative principle of man's ultimate destiny which Mr. Cavling calls "The Collective Spirit." Evolution, according to Mr. Cavling, has reached its end in biological terms. It can progress only mentally. It can accomplish nothing materialistically higher than man. But, man is "a means, not an end." The spiritual and immaterial unison of human mentality is now in process of evolution, whereby individual beings will pass away and humanity will become self-emerged in "The Collective Spirit."

Humanity's task is to serve this movement. "The business of all creation is really to improve and intensify creation; to act as Nature's transformers of energy." Improvement and intensification, as Mr. Cavling understands them, result from the material and the individual evolving into the immaterial and the unifying. Feilberg, it seems, declared that "evolution has a certain definite direction; it proceeds undeviatingly from a thinner to a more condensed state." "The Collective Spirit" sees condensation proceeding to its extreme state by the material vanishing into the immaterial. All men, however, have not the mental competence to render assistance to the procedure. In Mr. Cavling's words:

> The Collective Spirit is a house in process of erection. Millions of human beings have carried stones to the site, but only a few of the best and the finest stones have been selected, the rest are thrown aside.

Mr. Cavling does not profess to say how "the Creative Spirit" will "emancipate itself from human beings and start on its own." He asks in turn what any literature or political system will be a thousand years hence. This is an adequate reply. Those who always want to know the end do not realize that in creative processes the end cannot be known until it is created, since it involves the production of the new. If the end could be known in advance, the means would be mechanically obedient to certain laws having no spontaneity of their own. Mr. Cavling holds that by the idealistic theory of evolution Nature is creating God, "using man as an instrument for the purpose of that creation." We cannot

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ask what God will be like after the creative process has ended. We cannot even wait and see, for our individuality will vanish within the process itself.

Mr. Cavling compares immortality in his idealistic evolution to the attainment of Nirvana. Here, however, the difference between Mr. Cavling's theory and its Oriental source of inspiration becomes apparent. Nirvana is to be won by overcoming the illusion of material existence. But, "the Collective Spirit" is not to be won, it must be created. So, Mr. Cavling gives for what he receives. He adds the creative power of the West to the Nirvana of the East. The result is "the Collective Spirit."

Mr. Cavling compares this creative power to "the nervously energetic American business man, keen and enthusiastic, working with intense concentration on some new undertaking, only to leave it as soon as it becomes a going concern and devote his energies to something else."

We may assume, therefore, that when the world becomes Americanized, it will be ready to pass from the material to the immaterial. This is an interesting thought, not the least of many raised by Mr. Cavling's bold and pioneer adventure into that mysterious realm where eventually East and West shall meet.

Back to Nature

SANCTUARY! SANCTUARY! By DALLAS LORE SHARP. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by HERBERT RAVENEL SASS
Author of "Adventures in Green Places"

"SANCTUARY! SANCTUARY!" a book of essays by Dallas Lore Sharp accomplishes one thing before its covers are opened. It inspires in a very considerable number of Americans a strong desire to toss their hats into the air and give three rousing cheers. The reason is simple. We guess from the book's title that it is a book of nature essays; and this means that Mr. Sharp has come back again into the field where long ago he won distinction and a host of warm friends and where for too long a time his admirers have looked for him in vain.

Certainly no other interest could ever displace Dallas Lore Sharp's interest in birds and beasts and flowers and trees. Yet of late years he has been writing not about these outdoor things which formerly engaged his pen but about education and social and economic questions and other matters of great and grave import. Undoubtedly these writings of his contained much of value, and we hope the public has been enlightened and benefited by them. As for this reviewer he has resented every one of them and has sternly refused to read them because it seemed a shame and almost an outrage that a man who could write so well about foxes, skunks, robins, and kingfishers should devote his time to the dull and tiresome problems of human society and human politics.

So for Dallas Lore Sharpe, the nature writer returned to nature writing, there is waiting an especially hearty welcome; and "Sanctuary! Sanctuary!" the book which marks his return to the field in which he belongs, is a book worthy of the occasion. It is as zestful as any of his earlier books; it has the same quick whimsical humor, the same clear perception, the same keen but kindly philosophy; and perhaps more than any other of his books this one is full of love and compassion—love for the wild things and pity for their sufferings at the hands of man.

Indeed, the book is a plea for them, and not only a plea but an argument pointing out the folly of the course which we have pursued. "Stop killing and start creating. Stop cutting and start planting. Stop wasting and start saving. Stop hunting and start watching. Stop hating and start loving. These are the ten commandments of conservation for each of us," says Mr. Sharp, and he adds that while we shall always need the law for the saving of wild life, "at this moment we need love infinitely more."

But "Sanctuary! Sanctuary!" is not a sermon. It is an account of adventures afield, in Mr. Sharp's own Hingham, in California, on the Oregon coast; adventures with bluebirds, pitcher plants, murres, orchids, ground squirrels, toads, crows, alewives, coons, yellow-billed magpies, quail, and many others; while one of the very best things in the book is a chapter on "the wildness of Boston." And in every chapter Mr. Sharp is the same Dallas Lore Sharp that we knew of old, not spoiled a bit by his wanderings in other fields. "Sanctuary! Sanctuary!" could have no better recommendation than that.

An Irishman's Ireland

THE ROAD ROUND IRELAND. By PADRAIC COLUM. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

A LONG stretch of troubled years and the wide stretch of the Atlantic Ocean separate the author of this work and his reviewer from the place and circumstances of its original conception. Fourteen years ago, in Dublin, I set the the title which I have again chose at the head of an article in the *Irish Times* on Padraic Colum's "My Irish Year." It was his first lengthy work of narrative prose, for, although he had written a few short sketches, we knew him primarily in 1912 as the poet of "Wild Earth," and the dramatist whose plays, "The Land," "The Fiddler's House," and "Thomas Muskerry," entitled him to a place next to Synge in the history of the Irish Theatre. About a third of that book survives as the nucleus of the present volume, and has thus rescued from the oblivion of a defunct series some of the finest prose he has written.

Time and changes have dramatically and profoundly affected the Ireland in which Padraic Colum first conceived the idea of making a book the image of his country and its people. He returns to a theme which well deserved to be preserved and elaborated, under conditions which he could no more have foreseen, when "My Irish Year" first brought us together, than either of us could have known that we should go half way across the world before chance brought us into the same juxtaposition as on that now far-off occasion. Yet, the racial quality is so powerful and enduring in Colum's writing that he has only to let his thought and imagination dwell on Ireland in order to transport me back over the years and the sea which divide the present from the past with which his Irish impressions are associated.

* * *

When his journey round Ireland began, there was one Ireland; now there are two: The Irish Free State and Northern Ireland. As he says in the preface, "there is a big break in the road written about . . . North-eastern Ulster, the Ulster that has a separate political system, does not come into the book at all." Despite this fact, and despite the omission of "what the older Directories used to call the Nobility, Gentry, Merchants, and Professional Classes," the book is a truer picture of the real Irish than any professedly all-inclusive, objective account could give. "I have identified myself with a particular Irish memory, a particular Irish tradition; it is the memory and the tradition of the historic Irish people . . . . I have identified myself with the memory and the tradition of the people who had centuries' disabilities for being Irish."

When he writes of Ireland, his Ireland of "farmers, vagabonds, and poets," Padraic Colum finds an idiom which is beautifully adapted to his purpose, and nothing better indicates how deeply his roots are in his native soil than the manner in which he has reverted to that idiom, after so many intervening years of varied surroundings and experiences. He is unchanged and unspoiled, as in his novel, "Castle Conquer," also conceived on one side of the Atlantic long ago, and born on the other. He has his old power of evoking the mood and atmosphere of village and countryside.

* * *

He leads his readers along the country roads to straggling villages, and towns "harsh and ugly," because "they have been built by a people who are still in the pastoral stage." The religious, political, and social life of rural Ireland unfolds in a series of vivid pictures. We enter the cottage where the priest is holding a "station;" we listen to the political hedging of the shrewd shopkeeper; we watch the returned Irish-Americans, the "Yanks" at whom the Western peasantry gaze with mingled feelings; we are present at an "American wake," that is, the entertainment given before some member of the family sets off for Cobh on the journey to America. A new phenomenon, which was not part of the pre-war scheme of things, is the "Big House," shorn of its landed wealth by the Land Commission, emptied of its sons by the war and its aftermath, and now making the best it can of a Free State controlled, not by the gentry but by the "mere Irish."

Although he never loses sight of the material problems of the country folk, describing the economics of peasant marriage, the effects of undernourishment, the reforms effected by compulsory land purchase, the dreadful struggle for existence on the stony soil of Connacht, Colum has a true poet's ear for a phrase and a song, his eye for the beautiful and picturesque. He quotes some of the loveliest translations of Gaelic songs and poems, and tells us all that we should know of leprechauns, banshees, and fairies. His friend, Bartley Mulstay, has not been forgotten from the days when we were first introduced to him: "a poet: therefore in the opinion of the Irish countryside he is a man to be conciliated." There is no one like Bartley to compose a "rann" and when Padraic Colum established his own credentials, by producing a ballad "of his own composing," he was privileged to hear the rann upon "the black-mouthed man of the Hamiltons,"—a thing so terrible that it is not repeated. Invective and satire, as known to readers of James Joyce and George Moore, are the traditional gifts of the Irish poet.

The life of rural Ireland, in its various ramifications and expressions constitutes the backbone of the book, as that life is the backbone of the country. But since he wrote "My Irish Year," other elements have become fused into the national organism, in place of the alien elements which have been eliminated, and Colum has skilfully blended the new and the old, so that this book as faithfully mirrors the Irish Free State as its predecessor reflected the Ireland of its time. He gives brief sketches of various friends who contributed in various ways to the revolution in Irish thought and politics which culminated in the signing of the Peace Treaty between the British Government and Sinn Fein, from Roger Casement to President Cosgrave. The sympathy and simplicity which characterize his treatment of diverse and opposed temperaments will doubtless exasperate the political zealots, but the understanding which Colum displays for the motives behind the actions will be a clue for others as to why the new régime has been allowed to function.

There are notes on several writers, some already familiar through frequent discussion and criticism, others not so well known. It is easier to know the history of the Irish Theatre or to find out what manner of man Synge was, than to get first-hand impressions of Sean O'Casey, and James Joyce. Both are presented in an interesting manner, although there is, of course, no pretence of discussing their work very critically and exhaustively. The drawback to this method lies in the inevitable question which arises as to why certain names are omitted. I am glad to see a word in commendation of Seumas O'Kelly's neglected masterpiece, "The Weaver's Grave," the discovery of which was one of the great consolations of my activity in Dublin publishing, but I wonder why my other triumph, the finding of Daniel Corkery's "The Threshold of Quiet," comes in for no comment, although Colum writes at some length about Corkery. Padraic Pearse and Thomas MacDonagh receive sympathetic mention, but the fascinating figure of Madame Gonne MacBride, and the strange case of the Countess Markiewicz, are passed over in silence.

His memories, however, are drawn upon at haphazard, and perhaps this best fits the vagabond spirit of the whole book, in which tinkers and ballad-singers play as important a part as poets, and soldiers, and statesmen. In the true perspective of Irish life, the figures are seen in just this proportion, and it is the great charm of Padraic Colum's narrative that all things seem to fall naturally into their places. His Ireland is still an Irishman's Ireland, which is a very different place from the Ireland invariably presented by foreign visitors, however strenuous their pursuit of romantic facts and realistic fictions.

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Santayana's Universe

DIALOGUES IN LIMBO. By GEORGE SANTAYANA. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

GEORGE SANTAYANA is the one living philosopher who is also a man of letters. Poet, critic, and essayist, as well as dialectician, he has alternated between volumes of closely woven technical philosophy and more loosely spun reveries on man and nature. But, in both alike, he is a master of style. In fact, it is in Santayana's style that is to be found the heart of his philosophy. "The glory of spirit," he has written, "is to add to the universe, not to copy it," and he is an illustration of his own saying. Santayana's picture of the universe may be no more accurate than many another, but Santayana himself is certainly an addition to the universe. The most loyal defender of reason in this unreasonable generation, he has loved reason because of its inherent beauty, and the final source of his philosophy lies in poetic intuition.

It is more possible for a born poet to become a dialectician than for a born dialectician to become a poet. Santayana can wield the dialectic pen almost as well as Bradley when he chooses, as in "Skepticism and Animal Faith," whereas it is impossible to imagine Bradley writing the lyric sections of "Soliloquies in England." Curiously enough, and contrary to the common experience of men, the poetic spirit in Santayana has continuously developed in harmony with and even nurtured by the dialectic spirit. There are passages of loose logic in "The Life of Reason," there are hardnesses and rigors in "Winds of Doctrine" and "Egotism in German Philosophy," but such evidences of alienation between the author and his material almost entirely disappear in the more recent volumes. Disillusionment without bitterness, clarity without coldness, detachment without indifference, are balanced in Santayana's latest phase by delight in the world of appearances, recognition of omnipresent beauty, and discernment of eternal essences.

Had Santayana never written philosophic dialogues, one would still have felt certain that he, perhaps alone of living writers, was fitted to do so. For it is an unhappy fact that philosophers in general have made sad hash of the Platonic method whenever they have essayed it. Not they, but men of letters—a Lucian, a Landor, a Remy de Gourmont—are the ones who have bent the bow of dialogue. Yet the case of Plato indicates that this hybrid form, on the border-line between the treatise and the drama, can, in its highest expression, unite the dignity of philosophy with the grace of art. Only, however, when written by a philosopher who is the generous master of his own thoughts, one who will roam with them up and down the country, and, when the pleasant day is over, refrain from jealously counting its returns.

* * *

"Dialogues in Limbo" takes place in some far land beyond the grave, akin to the Elysian Fields or the blessed abode of Yama. This Limbo has little in common with Dante's shadowy realm of the same name in the first circle of the Inferno where the souls of noble pagans move solemnly and majestically, suffering eternal longing without hope. Here the noble pagans—Dionysius of Sicily, Aristippus, Alcibiades, Democritus, Socrates, and Avicenna—with another noble pagan, the Stranger from the modern world or Santayana himself—all live the happy life of thought, meeting sometimes in trivial discussion and jest, at others in high argument about it and about—always, however, in an atmosphere of calm, against the background of eternity. Even the first three—the king, the hedonist, and the adventurer—while retaining an earth-born sprightliness and mirth, are free from their turbulent worldly ambitions and now live in a kind of purified and undesiring dream,—Dionysius wearing a phantom crown and a "semblance of the silks of Tartary," Alcibiades still carrying about him the faint scent of two thousand year old unguents, and Aristippus living "as merrily here on wind as I did in Sicily on cakes and onions." Their dream is the inner static truth of their former dynamic existence, and in accepting it they are eternally content.

The doughty figure of Democritus is the protagonist of the first six dialogues, in which he propounds his theory of the scent of philosophers, vivisects the Stranger's mind, discusses normal madness, composes a liturgy in honor of Autologos, discourses on illusions and reality. The three dialogues which ensue between Socrates and the Stranger are appropriately more strictly argumentative in tone; Socrates analyzing the true meaning of self-government, refuting modern ideals of political democracy as convincingly as he once refuted the same errors in ancient Athens, and pointing out the only way in which a philosopher may also be a philanthropist. Finally, in the two deepest and most poignant of the dialogues, Avicenna, who is shut out from the Prophet's Paradise because he loved Allah less than Aristotle, expounds a marvellously condensed system of philosophy, a kind of super-materialism in which matter is regarded as the manifestation of God. Verily, in the end, Santayana's Limbo is nearer to Heaven than to either Earth or Hell.

Not vainly has this philosopher denied that he is a child of his own time. Superficially, it is true, his thought breaks up into discordant parts and in this shares the pluralistic, disorganized character of the age, but there is throughout an underlying unity of spirit and this spirit is no modern one. Outer turmoil and inner restlessness, vulgarity and self-advertising, the tramp of industry and the hurly-burly of traffic, thrills and speed, our breathless twentieth century hurtling headlong through the darkness,—all this awakens no echo in Santayana's own domain. If we seek for analogues, we must go to Spinoza or even farther afield to Kapila. His philosophy, like theirs, stands above the battle and is a solace to mortality. Only one who thus represents in his spirit other periods can hope to live beyond his own. It would not be a rash prophecy that of all the books published in English in the year of grace 1925, Santayana's "Dialogues in Limbo" is the one most likely to be still read a hundred years from now.

Harmonizing Psychologies

AN OUTLINE OF ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY. By WILLIAM MCDOUGALL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by F. G. BAYNES

IT will, I think, be generally agreed that in this work McDougall has done what he set out to do, and it is unlikely, considering the nature of the task, that any other living psychologist could have done it so ably. For not only has he embraced within the covers of a single volume the main facts and theories of mental disorder besides a wealth of valuable descriptive material, but throughout the work he has adhered to his long cherished intention of approximating the unduly separated points of view of the academic and medical psychologies.

The gap between academic psychology and the study of neuroses and psychoses McDougall has never ceased to deplore, and although the gap still remains, yet this scholarly, fair-minded attempt to measure the concepts of the one group of workers by the side of the working theories of the other demands a generous albeit critical appreciation.

To the great originator of psycho-analysis McDougall offers a full measure of recognition although he wisely discriminates between Freud's greatness as a pioneer in science and the monotony of his theoretical generalizations. In his attitude to Jung McDougall displays a characteristic ambivalency. It must be admitted that he has obviously done his utmost to appraise Jung's ideas at their real value, but in spite of the best will in the world the depth of Jung's thought seems to escape him. With conspicuous fairness he has quoted the author's own words at length, especially when dealing with Jung's embracing concept of the collective unconscious, but one wonders whether he has gone to these pains because he cannot himself wholly seize the essence of Jung's thought.

McDougall's rationalism is admirably suited for estimating the traditional psychology of the French school, but it fails to get inside the intuitive concepts of Jung. He is entirely convinced of the necessity of a hormic or purposive viewpoint for the understanding of human psychology as against the mechanistic determination of the behaviorists; and in this acceptance he is in the right position to appreciate the dynamic concepts of the psycho-analysts. But when it comes to the nature of the Unconscious with its paradoxical yea and nay, the writer's rational desire for simple and plausible explanations prompts him to attempt formulations which seem to me quite inadequate. His attitude to dreams is very characteristic. Manifestly dreams interest him intensely; he even cites a number of his own dreams together with certain interpretations gleaned from analytical discussions with Dr. Jung. The degree of his interest would be incomprehensible unless he had discerned the fact that dreams represent a valuable psychic function. Yet the utmost that he can bring himself to avow is "I have no doubt that they are allegorical constructions, however little confidence I may feel in any particular interpretation."

Reason has guided him to accept the purposive viewpoint with regard to psychic phenomena in general, but beyond this somewhat bald statement he declines to discuss what purpose, if any, the dreams may serve as a psychic function. He is willing to criticize the various methods of analytical interpretation, but he gives us no hint of any imaginative insight or deep speculation concerning the nature of this unconscious imagery.

* * *

With that word "imaginative" the chief defect of McDougall's work as a whole is touched upon. For notwithstanding the writer's ripe knowledge and lucid style it must be admitted that the book is lacking in vitality. We look in vain for that imaginative fire which could weld the wealth of material and the various topics discussed into a living and coherent structure. It is a formidable assembly of facts and views, but the embracing intuition which could unify this conglomerate into a glowing totality is lacking.

It is probably this failure in intuitive or synthetical appreciation which also accounts for such curiously misleading statements as, for instance, that on page 534, where, after criticizing Freud for "failing to gain any insight into the integrative process owing to his concentration on the effort to display the sexual instinct as an integration of all tendencies," McDougall laconically observes," Jung has equally overlooked the problem of integration." This remark strikes the student of Jung's work rather as though a distinguished physicist were to sum up the life-work of Einstein by saying "Professor Einstein has curiously overlooked the problem of relativity." For it is certainly no exaggeration to say that the problem of integration (or, as Jung it, individuation) is the axial theme around his psychological universe revolves.

Throughout the work one receives the impr that the writer is more concerned with opinions than with facts. The discussion of opinions can only have an academic interest, and, although it serves to acquaint the general reader with the variety of views now obtaining, it does not lead, and cannot lead, to any conclusion. For instance, having outlined the four fundamental functions distinguished by Jung, namely, sensation, thinking, feeling, and intuition, he says: "I cannot follow Jung here, because I cannot believe that these four functions can be validly distinguished and separated to the degree implied; the distinctions smack too much of the old faculty psychology." It is obvious that the similarity or dissimilarity of these functions with the "faculties" of the old psychology is entirely irrelevant, since, if these functions exist, they must be distinguished, and, if they don't exist, it behooves us to inquire why every historical culture has persisted in the delusion that they do.

* * *

It is impossible in the limited space at my disposal to attempt any detailed criticism, tempting though it would be, for a work of this magnitude upon psychological matters raises a veritable host of comments and queries. The broad criticism I have made brings into view that very gap between academic and medical psychology which it was McDougall's intention to bridge. It seems to me very doubtful whether the purely intellectual formulations of academic psychology can be made to embrace the irrational facts of unconscious activity Consequently for those of us for whom the actual handling of unconscious processes provides the vital moment of research, as well as a constant technical problem, McDougall's voice sounds at times infinitely remote, as though wafted from another world.

Therefore although we honor him for his attempt we have to confess that in our view the psychology which existed before the discovery and investigation of the unconscious, and the psychology which is being created now, belong to different epochs. History may be able to bridge that gap but it cannot be said that the present work has succeeded in doing so.

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Gosse and a Critic

SILHOUETTES. By Sir Edmund Gosse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $2.75.

CONSIDERATIONS ON EDMUND GOSSE. By Patrick Braybrooke. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1926. $2.50.

THE GENIUS OF BERNARD SHAW. The same.

Reviewed by Edward Davison

IN reviewing a former collection of Sir Edmund Gosse's weekly papers from *The Sunday Times* of London, Mr. J. C. Squire remarked that the author of "Silhouettes" had abolished the distinction between journalism and literature. The quality of this new volume sustains the truth of that criticism. Sir Edmund ranges from Claudian to John Clare, from Camoens to Wycherley, with the ease and discrimination of a man of letters whose literary judgments are based on his experience of life as well as of books. His vast scholarship sits lightly on his prose which always flows easily and gracefully whether among the barren tracts of the "Miscellaneous Writings of Henry VIII" or in the flowery demesnes of rediscovered Folk-Song. He is at home among the literature of half-a-dozen modern languages, and the classics open to his touch, always in just the right place.

Sir Edmund is a type of critic which seems rapidly to be passing from among us. Literature will the poorer for the loss. He can write of authors living or recently dead, especially those of his personal acquaintance, without a shadow of those offenses that led Mr. Saintsbury to his determination always to stop short in criticism when he came to the literature of his own times. Perhaps the most valuable of Sir Edmund's new essays are those concerning the English writers of the late nineteenth century, chiefly minor people like Andrew Lang, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, and Austin Dobson, all of whom he knew more or less intimately. Many of these papers must take their places as historical documents. The account of O'Shaughnessy, "elegant and melodious, in the very bowels of the British Museum" (where he worked in the Department of Zoölogy), is a model of characterization in criticism. Some of the anecdotes are delightful.

> He was little adapted for such technical work (as zoölogy) at first; indeed it used to be said that, having been the victim of an accident, he fitted the tail of one broken fish to the head of another so deftly that a German savant was deceived, and wrote a sensational memoir of a wholly new species.

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The future historians of the period (as yet very sparely recorded) will be in the deep debt of Sir Edmund Gosse for this and several other essays in "Silhouettes." One of his best troves is the very entertaining account of Mary Shelley's romance, The "Last Man" (published by Henry Colburn in 1826). The book was anonymous and "its plot, veiled by imaginary names and circumstances, has concealed the amount of biographical value which it contains." Certainly it helps to encourage many reasonable speculations concerning Shelley, Byron, and Claire Claremont. Mary Shelley's description of Byron, under the name Lord Raymond, appears to have escaped the attention of Byron's biographers to whom it might have been useful. The most amusing of the "silhouettes" is a criticism of Mr. George Moore's "Avowals" which is nothing more nor less than a magnificent, gentlemanly snub administered in the least offensive way. Mr. Moore, in his imaginary conversations with prominent living men-of-letters,—

> carries on vehement and artless dialogues connected with literature with their unresisting wraiths. In the course of these dialogues Mr. Moore invariably gets the best of the argument, but the dummies have nothing else to complain of. He treats them with the utmost courtesy, and tells stories about their private life with no less nonchalance than if he were feeding them with custard.

There is not so much as a shade of discourtesy or short-temper in what follows. But one feels that so much charming banter must have been lost on the gentleman from Ebury Street. The really catholic reader will find no more entertaining book than this among the criticism and *belles-lettres* of the season.

Hard on the heels of the author follows his self-styled critic. Mr. Braybrooke, with more pretension than ability, retraces the thoughts of Sir Edmund through a hundred such byeways of literature as have been trodden above. He has an amazingly commonplace mind, for there is scarcely an original idea in this book, which, unfortunately, professes to be a critical treatise. But if Mr. Braybrooke fails to win regard as a thinker we cannot refuse to recognize his *air*. This is unmistakably delightful. He conjures with equanimity and self-satisfaction, even when the high silk hat in his hand refuses to yield so much as a single stale egg. Writing of "the poet of the churchyard," as he styles Gray, we find Mr. Braybrooke in his most luxurious mood.

> Gray has got the essential melancholy of the scene, yet a melancholy that is pure and wholesome, different indeed to the soul destroying melancholy of a gilded restaurant or a garish flaring street. Yet, as Gosse is well aware, there have been critics, including Swinburne, who have *attempted* to show that this poem is not so great as we imagine. Poor, foolish critics, thus showing their insufferable conceit and lack of imagination.

Good wine needs no bush. Mr. Braybrooke cannot be denied certain originalities in grammatical construction and the uses of the split infinitive. Happily he does not allude to his author's *chef d'œuvre*, "Father and Son," one of the most beautiful fragments of its autobiographical kind in all English literature. Mr. Gilbert Frankau, the English novelist, writes a very fatuous preface to this book. Even he is forced to enter a protest against "Mr. Braybrooke's contempt for any novelist whose sales exceed fifty." Mr. Braybrooke's companion study of Mr. Bernard Shaw is likely to leave that author in the same frame of mind as a certain young man called MacDaw—

> Who wanted to meet Bernard Shaw.
> When his friends asked him why
> He made no reply
> But sharpened his circular saw.

In nearly two hundred pages Mr. Braybrooke contrives to say precisely nothing.

A Graduate from Crookdom

YOU CAN'T WIN. By Jack Black, with a foreword by Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926. $2.00.

Reviewed by Robertus Love
Author of "The Rise and Fall of Jesse James"

VIRTUALLY the only preachy feature of this book is its title. Nowhere does the author say, in the text of his amazing autobiography, that you can't win by being a crook. Our Mr. Black was a crook for thirty years. He was well-nigh an all-round crook. Although he appears to have stopped short of murder, he held in readiness the homicidal weapon whenever he chose from time to time to vary his criminal activities by being a stick-up man.

Mr. Black began his professional career as an apprentice burglar. In time he took the bachelor's degree, but never the master's. We gather from his own experiences and from his brief comments upon the industry in general that no burglar ever becomes master of his trade. "My experiences show that if the burglar gets what he is after one time in five he is lucky." Preceding this guess is another, even more interesting and significant: "I don't know what the statistics show, but I should say that for every five hundred burglaries one burglar gets arrested." Elsewhere he says: "Robbery has none of the complications of burglary. It is simple as one, two, three. You get it or you don't." By robbery is meant the holding up of victim or victims at pistol-point.

Jack Black, now considerably past fifty, spent fifteen of his thirty years of criminal life in prisons. He operated chiefly in the Pacific Coast States and in British Columbia, with Utah and Montana as intermediate fields. It appears to have been a prison sentence of twenty-five years, which he never served, that convinced him at last that he couldn't win. Strangely enough, the San Francisco earthquake and fire preserved him from serving this long sentence, by destroying the court records. The fact that for six long years following the earthquake he lay in jail, lost and forgotten, undoubtedly contributed to the deepening of his feeling that he couldn't win. Moreover, Jack was getting along in years. Now, as for the past thirteen years, he is a newspaper librarian in San Francisco.

Mr. Black offers no whining apologies for his career, which simply seemed to come natural to him. A motherless lad, he passed some years in a church school where he appears to have been taught much religion and no ethics. He could, and did, mumble remembered prayers many years afterward, in the midst of his rogueries; but never, so we are to understand, did conscience smite or prick him. He knew well enough that what he did was wrong, but he never permitted that consciousness to worry him. Following what he conceived to be the line of least resistance, our amazing Mr. Black was burglar, safe-blower, highway robber, and various other things not accepted in polite society. He lost most of his takings at the gambling table. He became, in time, an assumedly hopeless hop fiend. Through sheer will power he cured himself of the "dope" habit; and this is one of the most interesting chronicles in a book bulging with episodes of compelling readability.

"You Can't Win" is an outstanding record of roguery written from the inside. It is easy reading —possibly too easy. Youthful morons who pore over its pages may be incited to emulate the author; for here are described minutely the methods pursued in commission of several sorts of crimes calculated to appeal strongly to the moronic mind. On the other hand, the book will be read with absorbed attention by educated and even cultured persons, inasmuch as it sets down in plain black and white a phase of human activities tantalizingly interesting despite its sordidness.

The book comprises the raw material for a multitude of picaresque tales of fiction. Salt Chunk Mary, the mystery-woman from Mark Twain's town (Hannibal, Missouri), who served as a "fence" for thieves at Pocatello, Idaho, is worth a whole book, as Mr. Black suggests. Mary's brother, Foot-and-a-half George, is another character easily transferable to fictional thrills. Jack Black's tutor in early rogueries, the Sanctimonious Kid, is a fascinating crook, speaking from the standpoint of creative fiction.

Here and there in the volume occur coincidences which suggest the employment of the creative art by Mr. Black; yet that may be but another way of saying that this autobiography of an ex-crook is far more thrilling than the average work of Wild West fiction built around bad-man characters.

The Mud Opera

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CIRCUS. By Edwin P. Norwood. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926. $1.50.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN. Recollections of an Old Circus Clown. By Robert E. Sherwood. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by M. R. Werner
Author of "Barnum"

UNDER the guise of a young boy's inspection of the management of the circus Mr. Edwin P. Norwood has written a book which gives a great deal of information about what one of his circus characters calls "the mud opera." He tells, for instance, how the rhinoceros's teeth are scrubbed every morning, and the hay removed from between them, so that cavities the size of small shell holes do not develop. He also tells what the rhinoceros has for breakfast three times a week—balls of wet bran the size of apples, thrown down his throat by his dentist. He describes what the giraffe does with his neck at night. Giraffes, incidentally, never make any sounds, take tea with their oats, and salt with their tea instead of sugar. They eat onions for dessert. Camels, according to Mr. Norwood, live to be more than forty years old and cannot live without water as long as giraffes or elands. Baby elephants must have the dust washed from their eyes, and an elephant's eyelash is frequently six inches long.

Mr. Norwood writes that spectators always say three things to circus people: "It must be a hard life;" "Where do you go from here?" and "Got mostly all gray horses, haven't you?" The show detective, being an observer of mankind, tabulated those questions.

In addition to a great deal of fascinating information about the circus, Mr. Norwood's book contains many excellent illustrations of circus animals, and particularly of "The Gentle and Historic Lord of Beasts."

For many years Bob Sherwood was the premier clown of Barnum's circus. After he retired he became a leading bookseller of New York. His reminiscences contain anecdotes concerning people

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of both his professions. Until the last part of the book, when Mr. Sherwood gives many old anecdotes in new settings, and grows a bit tiresome about his love for tiny tots, this autobiography is an interesting book, because of the information which it gives about the circus and the sidelights it throws on many of the leading personalities of Mr. Sherwood's time.

Circus people are, Mr. Sherwood writes, the most superstitious people in the world with the possible exception of sailors. It is rare to find a performer's trunk without a horse shoe nailed to it, and the ends must be pointed upward. "To see a white horse, and no red-haired woman is considered the height of good luck."

Clowns are alleged by tradition to be melancholy. A healthy exception was Johnny Paterson, "the greatest of all Irish singing clowns," who, when the doctor who attended him as he was dying in the circus tent, said, "Well, good-by, Johnny; I'll see you in the morning," remarked, "Perhaps you will, but, Doctor, will I see you?"

Some of the performers whom Mr. Sherwood knew as the leading men of their day came to unusual ends. George L. Fox, the best pantomime clown of the times, died in a madhouse, and Billy Sholes, "in the author's opinion, the greatest equestrian bareback rider the world ever saw," when Mr. Sherwood last heard of him, was the night watchman of a Wall Street sewer that was being dug.

Perhaps the most interesting character of Mr. Sherwood's day was Adah Isaacs Menken, who translated the Iliad at thirteen, and some years later created a sensation in "Mazeppa, or the Wild Horse of Tartary." Miss Menken's author activities included "inveigling many London notables, including the poet Swinburne, and the somewhat phlegmatic Charles Dickens, into a series of orgies." "In justice to Dickens, however," Mr. Sherwood remarks, "it should be written that he was the unwilling victim of circumstances." But poets and novelists were merely *hors d'œuvres* for Miss Menken, and when she came to marry she chose John C. Heenan, the leading pugilist of America at one time. Heenan, however, did not prove entirely satisfactory, and Miss Menken spent her later years with the elder Dumas.

Mr. Sherwood tells of another pugilistic romance, that of The Julians, contortionists. Rose Julian married Bob Fitzsimmons, and her brother, who performed with her, became Fitzsimmons's manager, and retained his position even after he married Fitzsimmons's divorced wife. Rose Julian is said to have invented the solar plexus punch at the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight, when she kept shouting to her husband to " 'it 'im 'ard in the kitchen."

When Mr. Sherwood traveled with the circus, the show was still generally regarded as ungodly, and it was sometimes difficult to find a minister who would bury an acrobat or a clown. It was also the period when the circus canvasmen and the town rowdies tried their blows on each other. The canvasmen used all their ability to get the money of the country man, and one of the most successful baits was the offer of admission to the ladies' dressing tent. Mr. Sherwood records that he has known a sufficiently lascivious rube to pay as much as fifty dollars for the promise of this privilege, and the promise was never fulfilled.

M. Georges Courteline (whose real name is Georges Moineaux) was given, at the end of June the "Grand Prix" of the French Academy—a supreme recognition which this writer, now approaching seventy, deserved. Courteline belongs, in a sense, to the great French line which Molière typifies: his characteristic is an admixture of seriousness sometimes almost bitter, with an irresistible comic touch, and nothing can be more French. Courteline defended that kind of humor when Zola was the champion of unrelieved gloom. Without him the exquisite *auteurs gais* who charmed France twenty-five years ago and still continue to charm—Capus, Lavedan, Donnay—would perhaps have developed less spontaneously. But Courteline's success did not come either from contrast or a capacity for amusing: he has created types, notably the incomparable Boubouroche, and literary reputations live largely by that achievement. Among his books are "Les Gaietés de l'Escadron," "Potiron," "Le Train de 8.47," "Messieurs les Ronds-de-Cuirs," "Boubouroche," etc.

The Bowling Green

Romany Stains

THE LETTERS OF ABELARD AND HELOISE, now first translated from the Latin by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. London, 1925. 4to, buckram, gilt, uncut. Inside back cover and end fly-leaf brandy-stained, and label, "Vieux Cognac 1842," pasted on former.

THIS I find in the proceedings of a book sale held this week at the Anderson Galleries, and I pay tribute to the delicacy of the cataloguer's discrimination. This is a new refinement of bibliophily, that the connoisseur must not merely describe all the technical points of a rare edition, but be able to identify the nature and provenance of stains and foxings. I was always amused by the wine-spots on a waistcoat of George Washington's preserved in the State House, Philadelphia. Very likely the expert who catalogued "Abelard and Eloise" could tell us the exact vintage of those long-vanished maculations.

And the same day that I found that item in the auction catalogue I met by chance a man who told me that he had foolishly attempted to bring in three bottles of wine when he landed from an Atlantic liner the other day. He is a very honest and unselfish man, he had made no particular attempt to conceal the contraband—which, indeed (he is an author) he intended to give to some publisher friends. But the inspector found it, and they made a public humiliation-scene. My friend was given a severe lecture, before a large grinning crowd of his fellow-passengers; he was heavily fined; and then, like a guilty schoolboy, ordered to carry the bottles to the edge of the pier and hurl them against the side of the ship. Which, in much misery, he did. It must have been a shocking scene, painful even to think about. I only allude to it because it is healthy, sometimes, to meditate anxious things.

I am not interested to argue whether or not Prohibition is a sagacious political experiment. Quite possibly it is: I cannot pretend to know. At any rate it removes the enjoyment of fine things from those too insensible or uncontriving to ensue them. But the pragmatics of the matter are irrelevant: I look about in my mind for a rationale. I can see many reasons why a government should prohibit. And the maxim *Abusus non Tollit usum* may apply both ways. But you can have no philosophy of the matter until you really know what has been prohibited. The god of pure wine has been crucified between two malefactors, hootch and gin. And much of their discredit has fallen on his divine head. As dear Henry Holt so shrewdly said, "The dinner party has been abolished by those who never saw one."

Wine is under suspicion, as beautiful things so often are. Like religion, love, laughter, any sort of explosive, it is an anxiety to officials. It cannot be tolerated unless under some hygienic pretence. Quite potable vintages are sold, legally and without scathe, because a grain or so of pepsin added makes them, theoretically, a "tonic." Peruna, I have no doubt, rises higher in the alcoholic scale than some of the bottles my friend had to crash against the *Leviathan's* steel plates.

But wine is under suspicion because it is beautiful. It opens the heart, it warms the shy poet hidden in the cage of the ribs. It melts the wax in the ears that music may be heard. It takes the terror from the tongue, that truth can be said, or what rhymes marvellously with truth. The soft warm sting on the cheekbones that a ripe Burgundy gives is only the thin outward pervasion of a fine heat within, when the cruel secret smoulder of the wit leaps into clear flame: flame that consumes the sorry rubbish of precaution and cajolery. The mind is full of answers. And then, presently, if you have dealt justly with the god, not brutishly, he gives you the completest answer of all—sleep.

Wine is under suspicion because it is beautiful, because it is ineradicably woven into the triune mystery, man, woman and god. This is wild palaver, I hear someone say; but it is part of man's folly to have to bear testimony. The goblet, pure color, and form adorably curved as woman herself is this not fit calix for the miracle within? Or the shallow silver of the Burgundian tasting-cup with its curly snake carved for a handle. The eye of the adder notes you as you tilt the draught: to remind you that we are more than mere botanists. We pay quitrent in Eden yet, and honeysuckle and poison ivy grow gladly in the same clump.

Sage indeed are those who have him under suspicion, the shining god of wine. For his magic treads close to dark giddiness and horror, the sickness of unanswerable things. But there is a moment in his ritual, his clean austere ritual, when the heart is pure as the chemist's adoring the atom, dreaming an easier world. Then, on this warm sandbeach beside the uncounted surf, Bacchus lights his fire. You thought it was a lonely bivouac, yet looking round in the dark there is firelight in other eyes. So if you shudder to have men unburden the packed excess of their souls, you are well-advised to have well drilled squads of inspectors on every pierhead of literature. Governments and good manners, tidy pyramids and proses, are not built of the great blocks of the Unsaid. Leave those to such quarrymen as William Blake and Walt Whitman. Keep Off the Leaves of Grass.

* * *

This is a dream, a foolishness, an absurdity. But I don't like to hear people talk of Amendments until they know what they've amended. I am thinking of a cellar I know in Burgundy. There, laid away in rows as carefully ranged as the lines of a poem, are the future gladnesses of men. There are names that I am selfish enough to enjoy rehearsing. Musigny, rich in bouquet and ether; Romanée-Conti, *d'une délicatesse*. Clos Vougeot, potent and velvety, Richebourg with exquisite power and aroma. Hospice de Beaune, strong but a thought acrid; Pommard that tingles the cheekbone; Pouilly, the perfect luncheon wine. Nuits St. Georges, bright and gracious; Chambertin, which seems to me just faintly metallic, bitterer than the soft Musigny. Meursault, which I rank below Pouilly; and adorable Chablis Moutonne, clear and fine as the lizard's bell-note when he rings, like an elfin anvil, softly under the old stone steps in the mild French dusk.

So I could go on, but I leave it to you to verify my private amateurishness from your own researches. What I want to tell you is this. In the vaulted [illegible] of that cellar, strangely swaying in the hot flick[illegible] the candle you hold, are the crystallized skeleto[illegible] spiders. Some moist drip of limestone juices, oozing through long silent dampnesses of winter, has trickled down the threads of silk, embalmed these fragile creatures in their hammocks, turned them and their webs into gossamers of airy fossil. Perfect, pale, lovely as the most inconceivable daintiness of ivory filigree, they shiver in the tawny gust of candle-heat.

Isn't this just what happens in the darkest of all cellars where purple juice is stored? In the heart of man the wine-god does the same magic. The old spider of doubt, of anguish, of secret despair, is turned to pretty crystal. There, for a while anyhow, he hangs, a tiny brittle charm. An octagonal jewel, an epigram in silk and shell. At least that's part of what I was thinking when I came upon the conjunction of those three ghosts, Abelard, Eloise, and Vieux Cognac.

Christopher Morley.

The chief political editor of the *Figaro*, M. Lucien Romier, who gave us an interesting book in 1924 entitled "Explication de Notre Temps," has written his first novel, "L'Homme Blessé" (Grasset), which has been looked for with some curiosity. Again interpreting our times. M. Romier has taken for his hero a young man who had been injured in the war, who finds himself struggling with a newly-organized world, and whose worst wound lies in his consciousness that he has been robbed of his real youth. The action moves rapidly and smoothly, and a peculiar love story holds the interest. For a first novel it is rather a good one, but is the kind that does not "bite in."

Another work of importance to be added to the steadily increasing number of authoritative studies on the war has appeared in General Krafft von Dellmensingen's "Schlachten des Weltkrieges: Der Durchbruch am Isonzo" (Oldenburg: Sterling). The book is an official monograph presenting the German account of the genesis of the offensive and the course of the first four days of battle. It is a clear record, written in a fashion to be of interest to the layman as well as the student, and illustrated by excellent photographs.

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Books of Special Interest

Critical Studies

SHAKESPEARE IN FRANCE; CRITICISM, VOLTAIRE TO VICTOR HUGO. By C. M. HAINES. New York: Oxford University Press. 1925. $3.50.

SHAKESPEARE'S DEBT TO MONTAIGNE. By GEORGE COFFIN TAYLOR. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1925. $1.50.

Reviewed by KARL YOUNG.
Yale University

MR. HAINES'S book is a sound and decorous study of a well-established theme: the incompatibility of English genius and French taste. The author has shown us once more that for exposing the racial and national differences between France and England no touchstone is more effectual than the plays of Shakespeare. In method the book is a thorough-going chronological review of French opinions of Shakespeare from the early decades of the eighteenth century to the year 1870, or thereabouts. The superiority of this survey over previous similar attempts arises chiefly from its patient and agreeable reporting of facts. In no other volume, I think, is the reader so briefly and penetratingly introduced to what several scores of French critics actually said about Shakespeare.

Nor is this book deficient in generalization. From his survey of specific utterances the writer allows us to see clearly that at least twice during the last two centuries Shakespeare was the very centre of French critical controversy. This occurred during the generation in which Voltaire, after ardently commending Shakespeare to the notice of his countrymen, spent his later energies in an attempt to suppress the resulting enthusiasm for the English dramatist. In treating Voltaire Mr. Haines could, of course, do little more than compress the ample account already at hand in Professor Lounsbury's "Shakespeare and Voltaire." It is at least reassuring, however, to find our present author agreeing with Lounsbury and others in regarding the eminent Frenchman as both sincere and fundamentally consistent in his dealing with Shakespeare. No one, perhaps, has summarized Voltaire's attitude better than Mr. Haines does in one sentence: "His opinion, that Shakespeare was a great poet but a contemptible dramatist, remained unchanged all his life; only in his youth he stressed the first quality, in his old age the second."

Shakespeare became the centre of critical polemic in France for a second time when, during the first half of the nineteenth century, the romantics resorted to him for justification. In this phase of the subject Mr. Haines has a somewhat more ample opportunity for fresh observations. Although he does justice to the spectacular and powerful influence of Victor Hugo, he is more especially useful in making accessible and lucid the ideas of some twenty other romantic critics of less renown. Particularly arresting and serviceable is Mr. Haines's attentive analysis of Guizot's "Preface" of 1921. Although this work has been available in an English translation for about two generations, it has been generally neglected in England and America. The writer cannot be far wrong in remarking that "Guizot's great essay remains the best French criticism of Shakespeare until recent years."

It is probably unfortunate that Mr. Haines did not carry his survey down to the "recent years" of which he here speaks. Had he done so he might have removed the slight feeling of confusion left in one's mind at the end of the book as it stands. When one reads, for example, that since Hugo French critics "neither approve nor blame Shakespeare's peculiarities: they accept them," one recalls uncomfortably that only a few years ago, in his "La Superstition Shakespearienne" (1914), M. Pellissier could still attempt to resuscitate the pseudo-classical spirit of Voltaire. Mr. Haines is probably guiding us more safely when, in his last paragraph, he writes, "The quality of the French mind excludes it from perfect sympathy with that of Shakespeare."

When I dismiss Professor Taylor's handsome little book in a sentence, I treat it most unworthily. It treats an old subject with fresh scholarship and penetration, and gives delightful cogency to the general observation that "Shakespeare was affected by Montaigne in much the same manner that the moderns are by Shakespeare."

India's Soul

THE HEART OF ARYAVAITA. By the EARL OF RONALDSHAY. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925.

Reviewed by HELENA NORMANTON

AS a former governor-general of Bengal and as president of the Royal Geographical Society, Lord Ronaldshay might seem more qualified to discourse of Britain's mighty purposes in the East than to give an accurate picture of what ails India's very soul. Let no one, however, who cares to understand that great, mysterious, Oriental land come to so hasty a conclusion and thus omit "The Heart of Aryavaita" from a library list. No one has penetrated with a more delicate and sympathetic comprehension into India's twilights than Lord Ronaldshay. He is an Orientalist of great distinction and of sensitive temperament.

There is extremely little in the book about politics, as the American or Englishman understands that term. There is an attempt to understand the Hindu mentality, and to convey the essence of that understanding to the non-Indian mind. The earlier part of the work deals most interestingly with the story of India's system of education under the British *Raj*, with full and free confessions of its defects and partial breakdown. Indian art, scriptures, monism, the "Vendanta," modern Indian fiction, and the Indian Renaissance are carefully considered, always with a view to convincing the European mind that its way is by no means the only way of regarding the universe. The book is in essence a very spiritual plea for spiritual Home Rule, as the foundation of whatever political systems may be built upon the mind and heart of the Indian peoples.

As a sample of what in practice may prove to be the cost of solution that the Indian problem is crying out for, Lord Ronaldshay gives in an Appendix (of far greater value than is the usual appendix to a book) a description of the Constitutional developments in one of the best of the native-ruled states, Myson. There the political edifice is built upon the bodies characteristic of the ancient Indo-Aryan polity such as village Panchaysts and guilds, so that local village self-government is the strong feature of the system. The stages through which legislation goes in Myson are essentially different from those familiar to parliaments and congresses formed upon the British model.

Americans who frown under their multiplicity of laws might well consider the marked sanity of dividing the lawmaking process, as in that state, into the enumeration of matters in respect of which legislation is desirable; technical and expert examination of the matter; discussion and amendment in the course of which the measure assumes its final form; ratification by head of state.

If the second stage—the expert examination—were a feature of both American and British legislation, many foolish laws would die at a very appropriate moment—before birth. The Constitution of Myson may thus be said to exhibit some of the most advanced features of the world's next season political models! That it goes back to primitive practices simply demonstrates how wise the primitive world often was. It shows that we moderns can teach them little about Initiative and Recall!

Lord Ronaldshay's work would be a valuable corrective to all who imagine that Mr. Gandhi sums up the whole of India's activities. Not but that the writer is leagues away *from attacking him*; but that *he* simply fits in Mr. Gandhi as part of an infinitely greater Indian whole.

Students of oriental matters multiply daily. Those who seek a fair and reasonably clear picture of India might do far worse than possess themselves of "The Heart of Aryavaita." It is a truth-telling and wide-visioned book, in no sense a propagandist volume for imperialism. Yet from its pages the citizens of the states friendly to Britain and well meaning to India can get an occasional glimpse of Britain's difficulties, and how she patiently and often blunderingly tries to overcome them.

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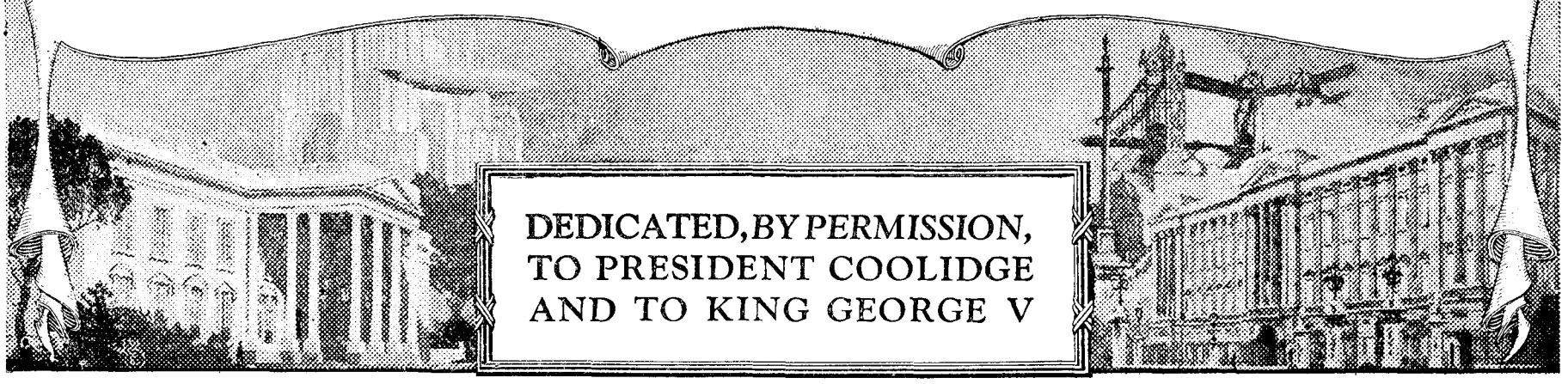

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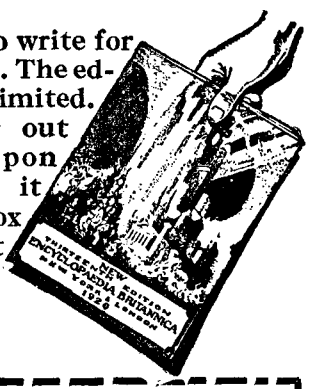

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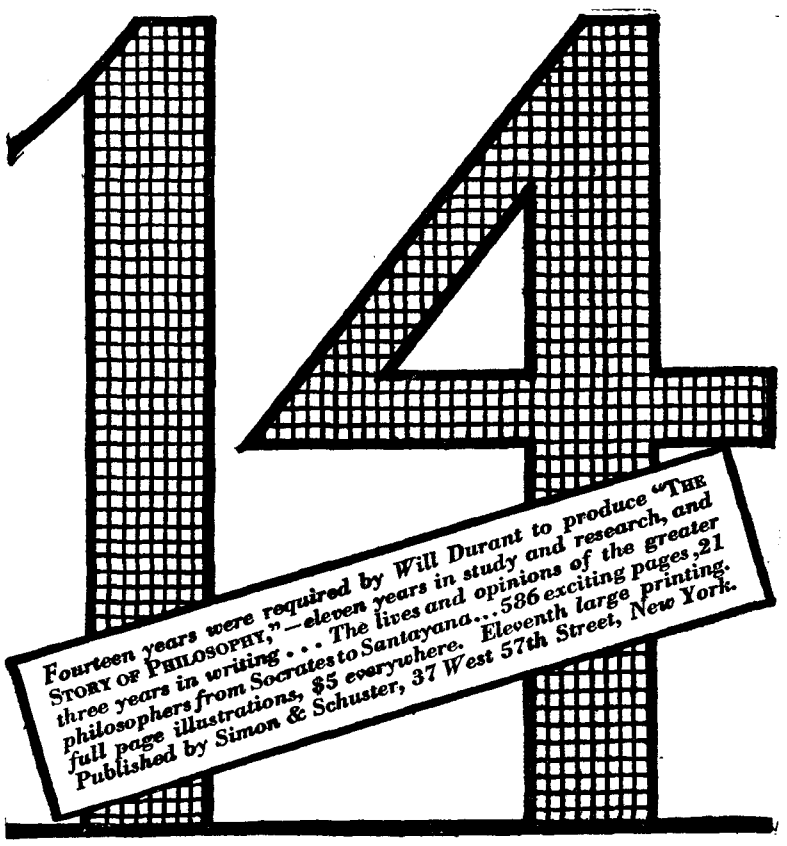
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On Women

HYPATIA OR WOMAN AND KNOWLEDGE. By DORA RUSSELL (Mrs. Bertrand Russell). Today and Tomorrow Series. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $1.

LYSISTRATA OR WOMAN'S FUTURE AND FUTURE WOMAN. By ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI. The same.

Reviewed by LAURA RIDING GOTTSCHALK

"WE learn from history that we have never learned anything from history," said Hegel. This may be interpreted either as a sign of human depravity or as a complete refutation of the idea of progress. The authors of both of these little books subscribe unconditionally to the idea of progress as a rational social ideal man rejects by *irrational conduct*. Each of them affirms the depravity of present relations between the sexes and presents, at the same time, some hope for the future. It is easy to have hope when one can supply history with a moral and fix responsibility for its unfulfilment. Mr. Ludovici's fanaticism is directed against the physical degeneracy of women, Mrs. Russell's reply against the moral degeneracy of men. Both agree on the existence of a sex war. By sharing in it they redouble their efforts and lose sight of their aim (which has been described as the character of all fanaticism). Mrs. Russell forgets the social ideal in her anxiety to defeat men, "the fierce tyrants," and turn them into good mates. Mr. Ludovici, a little more consistent, defines the social ideal in physiological terms, for he would have difficulty in establishing the deterioration of the female on other grounds.

Starting out with the fallacy that society represents the personal norm rather than a synthesis of historical accidents, both authors believe that an ideal can be democratized, that will-power can be exerted to produce "promethean creatures." This is not, then, Nietzschean idealism, which is based upon the aristocratic principle, but hysterical social religiosity assuming a preordained order it is society's duty to approximate. To. Mr. Ludovici this state exists in the vague past where women "looked up" to virile men and childbirth was a mystical physiological process free from the "ugly circumstances" of modern obstetrics. Mrs. Russell, on the other hand, sees nature as a brute condition of politics controlled by men's "baser passion," in which the Brunhildas are extinguished unless they turn feminists and act to overcome the consequences of original sin. Under the *romantic attitude toward sex* one insists that nature undefiled is moral, the other that nature must be made moral. This is the familiar eighteenth century idea of man as the purpose of a nature triumphant in human society, an instrument of the demiurge, progress.

Mr. Ludovici puts the blame for modern decadence upon the Industrial Revolution, the advancement of science, which teaches contempt of the body, and the ascetic doctrines of Christianity, which over-emphasize the soul. "From Plato down to Pope Alexander VI," he laments, "no one had ever heard of a baby's bottle." The vote, he sees, as Mrs. Russell does not see, has nothing to do with sex. Neither of them sees that it has to do with an economic system that is the only society we have and in which sex exists as an impersonal industrial factor and not as an over-soul; neither of them wishes to face the more fundamental economic problem involved. Mrs. Russell, likewise opposing Christian asceticism, and regarding sex as the highest human expression, but putting her faith in science and politics, is merely adhering to another sort of materialism. Why should she have more sympathy with "sobbing mothers" pleading for the vote than with men sobbing for home-made jam and babies old-style? Simply because she tries to avoid physiological determinism by acquiescing in economic determinism, just as Mr. Ludovici escapes from the economic implications of polygamy by endorsing it on physiological grounds.

Both of these little books make it plain that nature and society are outmoded concepts alien to the conscious life of the individual, which is based on emotional and intellectual anarchy. Love may still be the chief human intensity, but it is no longer cosmos. Society has no room for "cascades of mutual ecstasy;" it is foolish to magnify the importance of the personal incident because of society or of society because of sex. As the sober Rahel pointed out, woman's mind is sufficiently warped as it is by sex-consciousness. Mrs. Russell should not complain that a robust female never excites the admiration a vigorous and god-like male does; for a vigorous and god-like female is a terror. When women can adopt an impersonal perspective they will see human problems in another light. They will see, for example, that they must fight for the vote in England because they need it as an economic weapon, not because men are "base tyrants."

Sex may identify itself with progress, but civilization concerns the way the human mind can defeat and separate itself from progress. Anatole France pointed out that so-called progress would never give humanity a superior civilization but only the occasional appearance of superior minds. Such minds may happen in women when they begin to develop a sense of humor about themselves and cease seeing themselves as romantic symbols, whether as Hypatias or Guineveres. Mr. Ludovici's scheme might be a way to defeat both feminism and anti-feminism by showing that nature was no less ridiculous than society and that sex, as an expression of either, was more ridiculous than both. While it continues to be exaggerated it must be treated as pathological, but in this case Havelock Ellis is preferable to a belated "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of feminism, although there may be some justification for a manifesto of hominism. Meanwhile the merriment agitation of this kind must provoke furnishes still another apology for "Jurgen."

Ancient Olympia

OLYMPIA: Its History and Remains. By E. NORMAN GARDINER. New York: Oxford University Press. 1925.

Reviewed by M. ROSTOVTZEFF
Yale University

EVERYBODY who goes to Greece visits the ruins of Olympia, and the Museum, and spends the night in one of the most unpleasant Hotels of Greece. Some of the visitors have a vague idea of the importance of Olympia in the history of Greece and of the great games which were given here under the watchful eyes of the Great Olympian Zeus. Some have none. Now if a tourist, or even a beginning scholar, after his visit to Olympia or before it wants to go deeper into the subject, to have more information, to refresh his memory of the picturesque ruins and of the beautiful sculptures or to prepare himself for his visit to Olympia, he has either to turn to some (antiquated) popular publications in German or to struggle through the stuff accumulated in the excellent but heavy volumes of the German "Die Ausgrabungen zu Olympia," and to supplement these data by many articles in periodicals which deal with new evidence brought out by the recent excavations in and studies on Olympia. A hard and difficult task indeed. Mr. Gardiner makes this task of the intelligent lover of antiquity as well as that of the beginning scholar easy. After a short sketch on "The Destruction and Recovery of Olympia," and another on the "Geography of the North-West Peloponnese," he presents a series of chapters on the history of Olympia from prehistoric times down to the late Roman Empire, the best short but substantial summary which I have ever read. At first a modest sanctuary of the half-wild tribes of Nordic invaders, Olympia gradually becomes a real centre of Greece, religious, political, and intellectual, the embodiment of the great idea of political and religious unity of the Greek nation. It is thrilling to read how short-lived this idea was and how finally Olympia became but one of the centres of professional sport in the times of the Roman Empire.

The second part of the book is devoted to a careful description of the ruins of Olympia and to an excellent analysis of the treasures of art which were found at Olympia and which were so closely connected with the buildings. The concluding chapter gives a vivid picture of the Olympic festival, a picture based on the results of a special study which the author devoted to "Greek Athletic Sports and Festivals." All the chapters of the book are illustrated by excellent reproductions of the most important monuments of Olympia, by plans and reconstructions of all its buildings. I wonder that the author never mentions the famous gold bowl of the Cypselids of the Boston Museum. Does he regard it as a forgery? If so, he ought to have said so.

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A Letter from France

By Louise Morgan Sill

M. PAUL VALÉRY'S most recent book is called by the curious title "Rhumbs" (Le Divan), and is a collection of thoughts, of notes on his own work, of bits of description—including a remarkable one of a tree in a tempest—in short a fragmentary volume from which the reader receives interesting and alluring impressions of one of the foremost intellectuals of literary France. The nature of the contents is expressed in the title which means the motions of the wind, the individual points of the horizon. The extreme sensitiveness of the mind of the writer, the delicacy of his reactions, cannot be appreciated by an indifferent reader, whose most alert attention is required not because of Valéry's obscurity but because of the subtlety of his thought. The value of his work lies largely in his study of the human mind, but it cannot be estimated before the appearance of the complete edition now in preparation.

It would seem that no modern poet could better understand the vagabond life of fifteenth century François Villon than Francis Carco, who has studied to its depths the underworld of Paris and visualized it in his own books, the last of which was "Perversité." His new book, "Le Roman de François Villon"—in Plon's series entitled "Le Roman des Grandes Existences"—makes the most of the little that is known of Villon's life in spite of the light shed on this obscure subject by the works of Longnon, Schwob, Champion, Plessis, and Thuasne. Carco devotes his volume largely to an impassioned study of Villon's poems as the real indications of his life, and the "povre escholier" lives again in these readable pages. A useful book on the same subject is J. M. Bernard's "François Villon" (Larousse), with a biography, a critical study, and extracts from the poems as written and then done into modern French. A new literary society has just been formed called "Les Amis de Villon" whose object is to incite interest in fifteenth century literature, notably the poetry of Villon, by lectures, pamphlets, and various ceremonies. M. Jean Richepin is president of the honorary committee.

Edouard Schneider excuses himself in the preface to his "Le Petit Pauvre au Pays d'Assise" (Grasset) for writing of Saint Francis about whom so many volumes have been compiled. But the Poverello, whose seven hundredth anniversary approaches, is one of the eternal subjects, and M. Schneider's sensitive mysticism rejuvenates for us the life of this generally beloved thirteenth century saint and of his pupil, Saint Clare, whose life of renouncement equalled that of her holy teacher. Saint Francis, who fed the birds from his meagre store, who loved the sun and called it Brother—and dying composed the famous canticle of that name—is an endless source of spiritual refreshment, even now when it is most needed. Add to this the literary charm of the author's style, and the result is a welcome book.

* *

Nothing could illustrate better the great variety of subjects treated in French books than when, in turning from Saint Francis, we find a new book on "La Vie Aventureuse de Jean-Arthur Rimbaud" (Plon), the "poète maudit," by Jean-Marie Carré, now professor at the Leland Stanford University. A clearly written, interesting book, terrifying, one might say, in its subject. Rimbaud was born at Charleville in 1854; at fifteen his Latin verses were regarded as remarkable, at sixteen he was already a "bohemian, a revolutionary and a pantheist." From a rigid and severe mother, who never had the faintest notion of what sort of creature she had brought into the world and was at odds with him all his life, he ran away to Paris, where he was promptly arrested and forced to the humiliation of writing home for help: this was given, and he returned to Charleville where naturally the same difficulties began again. He wrote his best known poem, "Bateau Ivre," at the age of seventeen, where he describes with an amazing wealth of imagination the storm and stress of the ocean—which at that time he had never seen. After nineteen he never again wrote a line of verse, but began life as new, as different as if some sorcerer had carried him off in the night and put a changeling in his place. He left home and spent the remainder of his short life—he died at thirty-seven—in roaming the ports, docks, cities, colonies of the world, gaining an uncertain livelihood, returning now and again to his home when too hard pressed, but ever starting off again, ravaged by an intense desire for change and movement and adventure. He gradually began to amass a little money as overseer of a quarry, then in the coffee trade at Aden, set up a harem of native women, passed through every adventure of the *bas monde.* The poet in him had died as if he had never been. Extraordinary alteration of a powerful mentality. But I refer the reader to the book.

There is much interest in the Orient at present, and several books have recently appeared on that subject, among them M. Paul Morand's sketches of his tour around the world, "Rien que la Terre" (Grasset). This author is always entertaining, if not always perfectly coherent. Here he leaves a rather confused impression in the reader's mind—as of a poorly edited film—as if his book had been written in too much haste and with too much confidence in his own charm, like a spoiled beauty. There are only a few paragraphs which might exile it from the living-room table (in fastidious households). Short sketches of from fifty to several hundred words, each with a separate title, make the book readable even by the fagged business man.

* *

Robert de Traz's "Le Dépaysement Oriental" (Grasset) is composed on the same plan, but much richer in substance and calmer in tone. This author has an extraordinary gift for picturing what he sees. In a brief phrase he places the reader in front of his scene, in Egypt, in Syria. Speaking of the Suez Canal "How narrow it is, this ditch of water where the commerce of the world passes. Rising high above the flat ground, immense ships advance slowly, as if weary of their voyage." The author explains better that most the Mussulman mentality, makes history clearer, and adds a deep philosophical undertone to his descriptions which enrich them immeasurably. He is the editor of the *Revue de Genève,* and author of "L'Homme dans le Rang," "La Puritaine et l'Amour," "Dépaysements," etc. His description of the Egyptian desert, its color, its light, is unforgettable even for a person who is everlastingly reading.

Another volume in the same group is André Malraux's "La Tentation de l'Occident," from the same publisher. This young author tries to show the mental difference between a young Frenchman, called "A.D." and a young Chinaman, "Ling," in a series of letters written while the former traveled in China and the latter in Europe.

A good "Anthologie de la Littérature Américaine" (Delagrave) has been composed and compiled by Professor C. Cestre of the Sorbonne and Mademoiselle B. Gagnot, who is a professor at the Lycée Victor-Duruy. The Colonial and Revolutionary periods are treated, and there is a study of New York as a literary centre at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Washington, Lincoln, Cotton Mather, Charles Brockden Brown, Irving, Hawthorne, Cooper, Bryant are representative names, and the moderns—Amy Lowell, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Sandburg, Sara Teasdale, etc., are included down to the present day. There can be no doubt of French interest in American literature, of which this admirable work is one of many proofs.

Pierre Frondaie, whose first success was achieved as a playwright, showed in his "L'Homme à l'Hispano" (which, by the way, is a French and not a Spanish automobile as its name would imply), that he could also write interesting novels. This impression is confirmed by his "L'Eau du Nil" (Emile-Paul), which is agreeable, facile, entertaining. M. Frondaie believes that beautiful heroines cannot exist outside a frame of the richest luxury, and in this novel he places Anne-Marie de Sorgepois in such surroundings. This young person turns out to be the worst sort of coquette, who abandons her young lover for a fabulously rich Syrian banker named Wirsoq, and, frankly desiring to have her cake and eat it too, indicates a wish for a secret alliance at the same time with her former lover. Being an honest young man himself he declines, and takes his broken heart to the feverish wilds of Africa in search of death. There is an Academician in the story who gives advice to the hero much like that of Iago—"put money in thy purse"—and then enjoy the freedom of intellectual life untrammeled by poverty. This seems the conclusion to which M. Frondaie has been forced.

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Points of View

"The Mauve Decade"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

A thoughtful friend, desiring that I should be forcibly reminded of the Eighteen Ninetys (I was born in Eighty-three), handed me a copy of "The Mauve Decade." There is no strong reason for me to assume the defense of that currently maligned era (since I feel that "The Ninetys" are less on trial than their critics), yet I am impelled to either endeavor to correct certain impressions that the book tends to disseminate, or failing that, to be set right myself.

Broadly speaking, Mr. Beer seems to be impressed by the fact that the period under discussion was marked by inadequate artistic appreciation, religious and social intolerance, and by many examples of lawlessness in the political as well as in the social sphere. His facts are not to be assailed. The inferences, however, are certainly open to some questions. While the author does not specifically so state, yet we are led to believe that this period in some way stands as a shining example of all these horrors, and presumably, that now we are enjoying the light and sweetness of a new and better day. I would that I could whole-heartedly acquiesce in this. May it be suggested that within the memory of the youth of the present generation Mr. Cabell's "Jurgen" was suppressed, and Gautier's "Mlle. de Maupin" was the subject of a suit? Surely we have progressed but little.

Mr. Beer lays much stress upon the idiosyncrasies of the late Frances Willard, but her spiritual descendants have surpassed her fondest hopes, and surely no example of religious prejudice can go beyond the mark set up within a very recent period by the actions of the Klan and the Anti-Evolutionary agitation in the South.

I think that it is only fair to the younger generation which reads books of this type and accepts them as authoritative to have it really understood that the examples therein quoted are to be appraised not apart, but in their relation to our social and artistic life as a whole. It would be, in my judgment, far better to have indicated that this work was intended to portray certain general American tendencies as exemplified by data drawn from "The Eighteen Ninetys," thereby bringing it into its proper relation with the entire current of our national social history, than to permit the idea to gain momentum that the decade in question was a thing apart.

I, for one, would be glad so to think. If one could feel that all the foolishness and the narrowness and artistic absurdities could have been forever confined within the stretch of these particular years, then indeed the prospect would be bright.

We know, unfortunately, too well, this is not so, and the faults of the Ninetys are rather faults which in some way at least have become bound up with our American life and have rooted themselves so deeply that they appear from time to time in our own day as they appeared many a long year before the period covered by Mr. Beer's book.

It is only to make what to me seems fitting protest against the unwarranted deductions which doubtless have been made, that I venture to bring this definitely to your attention. I do not flatter myself that I am alone in thus reacting to the book. I do not recall, however, seeing in the columns of your magazine any protest along these lines which I think is proper under the circumstances.

JOSEPH H. WILLIAMS.

Lansdowne, Pa.

"Where Blake . . . Fell!"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

In Thomas Campbell's "Mariners of England," which is still going strong in the anthologies used in our schools and colleges, the fifth verse of the second stanza reads: "Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell." But whereas the poem was composed late in 1800 or very early in 1801, Nelson "fell" at Trafalgar in 1805. Professor Manley noted this little mystery in his "English Prose and Poetry" (1907), remarking that the reference to Nelson must have been inserted later, but that the first edition of the poem was not accessible to him. This comment was repeated substantially in several later collections. But "The Century Readings in English Literature," now widely used, notes with ingenuous originality that though Nelson was not *killed* until 1805 "he 'fell' severely wounded at the Battle of Copenhagen, April 2, 1801." When a poet "fells" a hero the fall is usually more than severe: it is fatal. This verse, at any rate, confounds Nelson with his famous seventeenth century predecessor, Admiral Robert Blake, who was plainly deceased. In the context Campbell is thinking of England's great dead mariners, and says with poetic inclusiveness that "Ocean was their grave." (Quite a few, including Nelson, were buried ashore.)

As a matter of fact, the poem in its original form was published a fortnight *before* Nelson "fell severely wounded" even. It appeared in the London *Morning Chronicle* for Wednesday, March 18, 1801. I have a copy of it, obtained from the files of that journal in Bowdoin College Library through the courtesy of the librarian. Here is the second stanza:

The Spirits of your Fathers
Shall start from ev'ry wave;
For the Deck it was their Field of Fame
And Ocean was their Grave!
Where BLAKE (the Boast of Freedom) fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep thro' the Deep
When the stormy Tempests blow—
When the Battle rages loud and long
And the stormy Tempests blow!

Incidentally, notice the flat first version of the roaring refrain, "While the stormy winds do blow." As for the verse in question, it originally gave the whole "Boast of Freedom" to Blake. Later the pious but contemporary Campbell revised the line so as to transfer the bulk of old Blake's glory to the new "mighty Nelson." This quiet alteration was natural enough. But it is also suggestive, considering that the poet in his fourth stanza assures the "Ocean Warriors" of his intense interest in "the fame of your name." No doubt the word "name" is collective. The fame of a Blake or so may fall, but that of the species goes on, more or less. Here we have old Poetry making an accidental comment more profound than most of her studied exclamations on the shiftiness of Fame.—What would be the total amount of fame deducted by Campbell, in the minds of his readers, from Cromwell's champion of Anglo-Saxon freedom? Blake was important for America. Our scholars should extend to him a helping and accurate finger, in poetry collections.

G. R. ELLIOTT.

Amherst College.

"Helen of Troy"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Llewelyn Powys's complaint against Dr. Erskine's brilliant satire, "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," is, I think, a critical blunder, not because Powys does not like the quality of the book as such, but because he undertakes to invalidate the whole game of satire. When you have fun with the classics, says Powys, you are practising desecration. Dean Swift had the same notion about the question of spelling in new ways. If you go on spelling differently, said Swift, what will become of the classics? In spite of new spellings, promiscuous translation, and all the outrages of parody the classics still seem to be doing very well.

Dr. Erskine has not produced a parody but an effective ironic picture with a modern corollary significant enough in the field of humor to merit all the attention it has won. "He renders vulgar the figure of Helen," cries Powys. Aside from any question as to whether the traditional figure of Helen may have needed a little vulgarizing, it seems to me that Dr. Erskine makes the lady more vivid, to more people, than she has been hitherto, and with results in behalf of modern psychology that ought to give warrant if not distinction to the job.

Of course, if Powys were defending the lady the situation would be changed somewhat. The point is that he is defending a poet from a "prevailing irreverence," and "traditional culture" from modern literary manners; and he has done this with quite inexplicable emotion. A new culture is always foliating. It cannot grow without the past, but a lively sense of its future implies an initiative that must always seem irreverent to somebody. The past is a storehouse of horrors as well as beauties, and both can be raw material. Moreover, even Homer had his hokum.

ALEXANDER BLACK.

New York City.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

A Background to Architecture. By *Seward Hume Rathbun.* Yale University Press.

A Short History of Italian Art. By *Aldolfo Venturi.* Translated by Edward Hutton. Macmillan. $4.

Cathedrals. Doubleday, Page. $4 net.

Belles Lettres

America in Imaginative German Literature in the First Half of the Nineteenth Century. By *Paul C. Weber.* Columbia University Press. $2.

Plato's American Republic. By *Douglas Woodruff.* Dutton. $1.

The Gentle Art of Tramping. By *Stephen Graham.* Appleton. $2.50.

The Poetry of Nonsense. By *Emile Cammaerts.* Dutton. $1.75.

The Doctor Looks at Love and Life. By *Joseph Collins.* Doran. $3 net.

Flatland. By *A. Square.* Little, Brown. $1.50 net.

The New Spirit. By *Havelock Ellis.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.25.

Synopses of English Fiction. By *Nora I. Sholto-Douglas.* Stokes. $4.

Whitman. By *Emery Holloway.* Knopf.

Avowals. By *George Moore.* Boni & Liveright.

Novelists: We Are Seven. By *Patrick Braybrooke.* Lippincott.

From Pascal to Proust. By *G. Turquet-Miles.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

Read America First. By *Robert Littell.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.

Contemporary American Criticism. Selected and arranged by *James Cloyd Bowman.* Holt.

Americana. 1926. Edited by *H. L. Mencken.* Knopf.

Pope. By *Lytton Strachey.* Harcourt, Brace.

Biography

MORE UNCENSORED RECOLLECTIONS. By the Author of Uncensored Recollections. Harpers. 1926. $3.50.

"More Uncensored Recollections" does not mean less censored recollections, but more recollections like, fatally like, the "Uncensored Recollections" of a season or two ago. The extreme height of the social position enjoyed by the anonymous English author forbids the use of the phrase "back stair gossip" for these reminiscences, but one may safely designate them "grand staircase gossip." As such, the book, with its dress-shirt front, be-ordered and be-ribboned, will find a resting-place on the democratic library tables throughout our great republic.

The first words of the book reveal the tone of the whole. "In consequence of the intimate and somewhat peculiar character of the friendship with which the late King Edward honored me. . . ." The author seems to have had, at one time or another, intimate and peculiar friendships with all of the crowned heads of Europe and with most of the heads that lay near them. "The late King Edward" plays as large a part in this volume as in the preceding, and is treated in the same irritating manner, vacillating between unctuous adulation and equally unctuous patronage. But anyone interested in the nicknames, escapades, and witticisms of the haute- and demi-monde of the major powers will find these recollections exactly to his taste. In spite of having known and talked with most of the notables of three continents during what must have been an unusually long life, the author has assiduously avoided any discussion of the artistic, political, or economic questions of the period. Perhaps the only serious passages in the book are to be found in its contradictions of several of the statements in Sidney Lee's recent life of King Edward.

James W. Wadsworth, Jr. By *Henry F. Holthusen.* Putnams. $2.50.

The Letters of Tobias Smollett. Edited by *Edward S. Noyes.* Harvard University Press. $3.

Up from Methodism. By *Herbert Asbury.* Knopf.

Joseph Conrad as I Knew Him. By *Jessie Conrad.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

Joseph Conrad. By *Jessie Conrad.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

Dutter's Gold. By *Blaise Cendrars.* Translated by *Henry Longan Stuart.* Harpers. $2.50.

Ignatius Loyola. By *Paul Van Dyke.* Scribners. $3.50.

The Traitor. By *Harry K. Thaw.* Dorrance. $2.

The World That Was. By *John G. Bowman.* Macmillan. $1.50.

The Memoirs of Raymond Poincare. Translated and adapated by *Sir George Arthur.* Doubleday, Page. $5 net.

Lincoln Stories. By *David Homer Bates.* Rudge.

Demosthenes. Translated by *Charles Miner Thompson.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

The Memoirs of Carlo Goldoni. Translated by *John Black.* (Blue Jade Library) Knopf. $3 net.

Men in Women's Guise. By *O. P. Gilbert.* Brentanos. $3.50.

The Wives of Henry the Eighth. By *Martin Hume.* Brentanos. $4.

The Farington Diary. By *Joseph Farington.* Edited by *James Greig.* Vol. VI. Doran. $7.50 net.

Down the Santa Fe Trail and Into Mexico, 1846-1847. By *Susan Shelly Magoffin.* Edited by *Stella M. Drumm.* Yale University Press. $2.

Bill Nye: His Own Life Story. Continuity by *Frank Wilson Nye.* Century. $4.

The Vespasiano Memoirs. By *Vespasiano da Bisticci.* Dial. $5.

Carlo Gesualdo. By *Cecil Gray* and *Philip Heseltine.* Dial. $3.

Lincoln's Parentage and Childhood. By *Louis A. Warren.* Century. $3.50.

A Musician and His Wife. By *Mrs. Reginald de Koven.* Harpers. $5.

A Selection of the Letters of Horace Walpole. Edited by *W. S. Lewis.* Harpers. 2 vols. $10.

An Autobiography of Abraham Lincoln. Consisting of the Personal Portions of His Letters, Speeches, and Conversations. By *Nathaniel Wright Stephenson.* Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

The Family Life of George Washington. By *Charles Moore.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

Absalom Grimes. Edited by *M. M. Quaife.* Yale University Press. $3.

James Durand. Edited by *George S. Brooks.* Yale University Press. $1.50.

The Journals of Thomas James Cobden-Sanderson, 1879-1922. Macmillan. 2 vols. $25 per set.

The Public Life of Thomas Cooper. By *Dumas Malone.* Yale University Press. $4.

Opinions of a Cheerful Yankee. By *Irving Bacheller.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

Yarns from a Windjammer. By *Mannin Crane.* Houghton Mifflin. $4.

The Surgeon's Log. By *J. Johnston Abraham.* Dutton. $5.

The White Devil's Mate. By *Lewis Stanton Palen.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

Essays in Memory of Barrett Wendell. Harvard University Press.

Exploring Life. By *Thomas A. Watson.* Appleton. $3.50.

Personal Reminiscences of Auguste Rodin. By *Anthony M. Ludovici.* Lippincott. $3.

A Doctor's Memories. By *Victor C. Vaughan.* Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

Education

College Geography. By *Roderick Peattie.* Ginn. $3.

Classified Types of Literature. Edited by *Mabel Irene Rice.* Century.

Psychology for Teachers. By *Charles E. Benson, James E. Lough, Charles E. Skinner,* and *Paul V. West.* Ginn.

Learning How to Study and Work Effectively. By *William F. Book.* Ginn. $1.96.

An Interpretation of Present American History. By *James C. Malin.* Century. $1.25.

Classified Types of Literature. Edited by *Irene Rich.* Century.

An Introduction to the Study of Education. By *Ellwood P. Cubberley.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

Which Way Parnassus? By *Percy Marks.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.

Fiction

DANIEL QUAYNE. By J. S. Fletcher. Doran. 1926.

Had "Daniel Quayne" been published anonymously speculation as to its authorship might well have included Sheila Kaye-Smith or Eden Philpotts, and Thomas Hardy might have been invoked as an earlier comparison. As it is, the reader begins the book, despite the publisher's description, with an idea that somewhere out of the hat will appear a murder, an embezzlement, a forged will, a missing diamond merchant, a county coroner and a Scotland Yard inspector.

Murder is there, but not in the detective story sense. "Daniel Quayne" is a Yorkshire tragedy, simple, stark and inevitable. It concerns two men and a women, and at the end of the book one man and the woman are dead, while the other man, their slayer, faces the gallows.

Rosanna Lovesome meets Daniel Quayne at the Statute Hiring fair, where they have gone to hire themselves out. They are employed by "Quiet" Campion, and go to Middlethorpe Grange, where Rosanna is cook and Daniel is a farmer.

Rosanna is clever, capable, attractive, loveable, and a wanton. She is irresistible, and neither Daniel nor Campion can escape. Daniel loves her with the guileless sweetness of his simple nature; Campion fights against his slowly roused passion which eventually consumes him as fire consumes fine wool. And Daniel takes his primitive revenge and pays for it.

Mr. Fletcher tells their story without sentimentality and without recourse to melodrama or to forced situations. It follows that "Daniel Quayne" is an admirable novel, written with power and distinction.

THE DOCTOR'S WOOING. By Charles Phillips. Devin-Adair. 1926. $2.25.

Rhoda Palisy, angelic wildflower of the Wisconsin forests, heroine of this naïve story, and daughter of a Polish exile, seems as improbable as Little Red Riding Hood. Her father has joined his ancestors before the first chapter opens, and at once the wicked men of the settlement begin hounding the orphaned Rhoda, some intent upon dispossessing her of the land she occupies, others desirous of her girlish charms. But Rhoda defies them all, fights back stubbornly, and in the end wins her hard, lonely battle. We had almost neglected to mention the coyly doting Doctor, who belatedly declares his love for Rhoda, and is deemed worthy. If Mr. Phillips's book did not suffer so persistently from Pollyannaism, it would be vastly better.

THE FACE OF SILENCE. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. Dutton. 1926. $3.

By means of the self-conscious exaltation of individual peculiarities the present generation of introspective writers have sought to escape from the engulfing materialism of modern life; in direct opposition to this outlook is the Indian philosophy which aims at the submersion of all individuality in a spiritual identification of the individual

(*Continued on next page*)

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and the French people, Monsieur, one thing is necessary—

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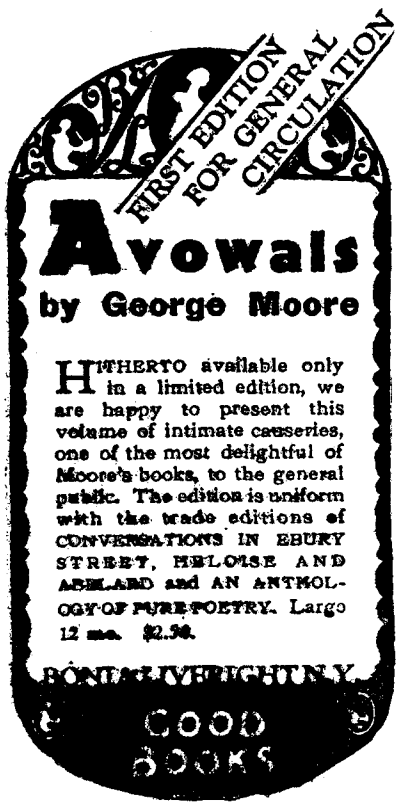
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The New Books
Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

with the universal. The result of the former method is the tense, nervous, staccato of American life; of the latter, the even and harmonious rhythm of life in India. It is this picture of a people never smirched by action nor tainted by inaction that Mr. Mukerji, author of "Caste and Outcast," and "My Brother's Face," presents again to the American public. His views give the reader a wider background for generalization about his own civilization.

Ostensibly "The Face of Silence" is a collection of legends about Rama Krishna, a holy man of India, whom many of his followers called the "Incarnation of God." It tells of Krishna's early life, his "Illumination," his attitude toward other religions, toward the orthodox Hindus, toward social reformers, etc., and the effects of his teachings on his disciples. It is a penetrating book, beautifully written, in which the author shows a thorough understanding not only of the India that he describes, but of the natural limitations of his American readers; he never talks over our heads, but neither does he talk down to us.

SEA-GOING JOCK. By KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON. Century. 1926. $1.75.

"Sea-Going Jock" is the breezy title for a tale of sea adventures for boys from eight to eighty. Jock Holiday, the scion of a long line of sea captains, ships on his father's vessel against the solemn protest of Holiday, Senior. Encountering shipwreck on his first voyage, he tries his hand successively at cabin-boy, watchman, dock clerk, and finally secures a berth as a radio operator.

His diverse experiences bring before us vivid pictures of sailing ships whose shifting cargoes bring wreck on lonely seas, of fearful battles with wharf rats, of fist fights with freight thieves on crowded docks, and of radio operators who stick to their posts till their ships go down.

Mr. Kempton writes with force and charm. Most of the incidents are cleverly done, and more than once he betrays the skill of a master craftsman. His knowledge of the sea, of ships, and of sea-faring men must have been gained at first-hand. Contrary to the usual run of juveniles the hero does not win fame and fortune from the start. In fact, he seems to have pretty stiff going clear to the last chapter. The story closes with Jock's fortune yet to be made.

THE BIG MOGUL. By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN. Appleton. 1926. $2.

Readers of Joseph Lincoln will not be disappointed in his latest offering. In the familiar Cape Cod atmosphere he presents a handful of carefully contrasted characters who are dominated by the picturesque tyrant, Cap'n Townsend. Those not acquainted with the work of this skilful and conscientious popular author will find in "The Big Mogul" an extensive canvass covered by a host of figures and forms painstakingly portrayed with photographic exactitude and arranged to point out an inevitable human interest moral. Undeniably the work of an experienced craftsman, the picture is oppressively dull.

THE MARRIAGE MARKET. By CHARLES KINGSTON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1924. $4.

"Marriage is a desperate thing," wrote that seventeenth century scholar, John Selden, whose "Table Talk" was once held in such high repute. Any "Jeune Fille" who peruses the Marriage Market must agree that this sentiment is here amply illustrated. "Secret marriages are as a rule failures," says the author, and goes on to prove his point so forcefully, and with such wealth of detail that any cautious maiden should, on reading this volume, forthwith dedicate herself to spinsterhood.

The idea of the book, although nowhere expressed, seems to have been to bring together in collected form summarized versions of marriages of the great and near great which, for one reason or another, are likely to appeal to "human interest." Thus there are secret marriages, and romantic marriages, and "great lovers" here treated. Most of these episodes took place within the last century, some of them within recent years. The field of action lies mainly in England, although the author goes to the continent for the loves of Napoleon III, and Eugénie de Montijo, as well as for the marital adventures of the late Hapsburgs. He has also much to say in regard to the "Grand American tour in search of matrimonial dollars."

Here and there in this gallery of Cupid's mistakes there is a happy ending, such as fell to the lot of Richard Burton, the explorer, or to the father of the great Lord Palmerston who was thrown by his horse before the shop of a Dublin hatter, and who married the hatter's daughter after she nursed him back to health. In the main, however, these are tales *à la* Amy Robsart, records of trickery, and deceit which have become public property. Occasionally there is some fortuitous adventure introduced, such as befell Lord Poulett who, when intoxicated at a barracks dinner, promised to marry the first woman he met upon leaving, and who was unfortunate enough to meet a woman of the streets, and fool enough to carry out his wager.

While it is difficult to say definitely whom this volume will interest, there are doubtless many who will find pleasure in these records of

Man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.

THE SECRET THAT WAS KEPT. By ELIZABETH ROBINS. Harpers. 1926. $2.

Miss Robins is not a born story-teller, and as we read her novel, "The Secret That Was Kept," we soon see that whatever enjoyment we may get must come from the non-narrative elements of the book. But again she disappoints us, for we find that the leading characters are hazily conceived and that the background of Southern life is rather like the meaningless panorama that a tired traveler half-sees through the window of his Pullman. We have a definite consciousness of the author's struggle to write effectively. She was beaten by her own incapacity, however, before she first set pen to paper.

A TOUCH OF EARTH. By LELLA WARREN. Simon & Schuster. 1926.

This is an unsophisticated and immature first novel largely concerned with a craving for beauty indulged in, we are told, by sundry members of the younger generation. The author is romantic and sentimental and she strives so hard to express in her writing "the inexpressible sweetness of life" felt by her characters that she is utterly unconscious of the naïvely ridiculous nature of much that she says. It is devastingly honest writing unrelieved by a single touch of humor.

Toward the end of the book the author attains a modicum of detachment and describes successfully some of the more usual relations between husband and wife. Unfortunately when she writes more impersonally she loses the quality of freshness that she has preserved so strikingly, and the story becomes stiff and contrived. Many such first novels are written, but few are published. Because of her independence, and determination, as well as her undeniable facility in expressing her emotions, one may expect far better things from the author's mature work.

MISTRESS NELL GWYN. By MARJORIE BOWEN. Appleton. 1926. $2.

"Mistress Nell Gwyn" is, strangely enough, the story of Nell Gwyn, the orange girl, mistress to his majesty, King Charles the Second of England. It is dedicated to Dorothy Gish of cinema fame, and is admirably tuned to the literary taste of moving picture audiences. A few "odds-bloods" give the required seventeenth century atmosphere and interfere not at all with the unfolding of this virtuous tale which shows Mistress Nelly, despite an occasional oath, to have been a model of fidelity and good works. This should not, however, discourage readers seeking a bit of romantic iniquity, for the Duchess of Cleveland and the Duchess of Portsmouth gleam alluringly through their silken gauze, shining examples of elegance and sin.

THE BLACK CABINET. By PATRICIA WENTWORTH. Small, Maynard. 1926. $2 net.

Miss Wentworth's story follows a fairly well defined pattern. A poor and, or but, beautiful young girl is made heiress of her mysterious cousin who has made a tidy fortune in blackmailing. The capital—indiscreet letters which would ruin the lives of all sorts of distinguished English people—is kept in a safe behind a black cabinet. Cousin Dane whispers the combination to Chloe and straightway dies. His mistake in his career was in having accomplices and poor Chloe falls into their hands. They stop at nothing, but she succeeds in opening the safe and destroying the letters. There is the usual romance which mystery writers always inject to prove that they are writing about Life, but in spite of this the "Black Cabinet" manages to be mildly entertaining.

PORTIA MARRIES. By JEANNETTE PHILLIPS GIBBS. Little, Brown, 1926. $2.

Mrs. Gibbs, the wife of the author of "Soundings" and the fifth member of her family to turn novelist, has tackled in "Portia Marries" a recurring theme in modern fiction, the theme of Hutchinson's "This Freedom" and Dorothy Canfield's "The Home-Maker": Can a wife pursue a career and at the same time prove a satisfactory wife and mother? For narrative purposes her book is readable enough, but it cannot be said, even in an isolated case, to settle the problem very thoroughly. Mrs. Gibbs offers us Jane Thorndike, a prospering young lawyer, and Tommy Kent, a prospering young engineer; they are in love with each other when they marry, and they are in love with each other twenty years after. Each follows his profession, allowing the other to do the same, with seemingly never a bad moment. It is true that Tommy, at first, was rather sorry for the nights he had to spend alone while Jane worked over cases at her office; and that once Jane got so homesick for Tommy, down in Mexico during the months before her eldest child was born, that she had to give in to the impulse to send for him. But these moments were rare, and as Mrs. Gibbs presents them, very superficial in regard to Tommy and Jane's married life.

One comes away from reading this book somewhat relieved that it offered a happier side to a knotty problem than any other book has done, but doubtful whether it really tackled the problem at all. In characterization, in incident, in analaysis, it is nothing but a matter of surfaces. By the law of compensation Mrs. Gibbs is willing to admit that for many advantages gained, a few inconveniences must result. In a few places she might be interpreted as writing with a slightly satirical air. In other places—such as in the contrast between the happiness and prosperity of the Kents and the domestic lack of harmony and the poverty of the more normally married Youngs—she seems almost to argue that married life can be happy *only* if the wife has a career. The truth of the matter is that while she has written a book that reads with ease and is much enlivened by its humor, she has by no means digested her problem before presenting it; and not only robbed the book of even a superficial signficance, but also put it together without the least feeling for what is relevant and requisite and for what is not. She has included a good deal that means nothing, and omitted a good deal that means much.

THE TENDERFOOTS. By FRANCIS LYNDE. Scribner's. 1926. $2.

There are absent from Mr. Lynde's entertaining story of Colorado gold-mining in the early eighties most of the "Western" stock properties, whose omission adds distinctly to the book's merit. His "Tenderfoots" are two young fortune seekers from the East, one, Philip Trask, a puritanical New Englander, the other, Harry Bromley, a wandering n'er-do-well and disgrace of a good family. In the West, when they first meet, Trask rescues Bromley from the depths, and they form a partnership to go prospecting in the gold-fields. Their claim proves immensely rich, makes them wealthy men in a short time, and gives Bromley the chance to show the best that is in him. But the strait-laced Trask, wounded by a secret blow to his faith, begins to travel downhill with alarming rapidity, being saved at last from moral destruction by the devoted efforts of his friends and a girl. The contrast and changing natures of the two men are ably and convincingly portrayed.

THE BROKEN TRAIL. By HAROLD BINDLOSS. Stokes. 1926. $2.

Keith Harden and Garnet Emerson are the sturdy pals of Mr. Bindloss's thirty-second Canadian romance, one which follows the author's familiar formula prescribing trips back and forth from the Dominion to the Old Country. The theft of bonds from the provincial bank under Keith's management impairs the young man's standing with his employers. But his faithful friends and fiancée so firmly believe in his innocence that Garnet takes decisive steps to identify the guilty and establish Keith's innocence. The introduction of the thinly mysterious is unavailing in the endeavor to enliven the inanimate plot. From beginning to end, the tale is extremely tame, clumsily handled, and devoid of anything resembling inventiveness.

SINGING WINDS. By *Konrad Bercovici.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

ON TO OREGON. By *Honoré Willsie Morrow.* Morrow. $1.75 net.

ANN LEE'S. By *Elizabeth Bowen.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

STYRBIORN THE STRONG. By *E. R. Eddison.* A. & C. Boni. $2.

WAYFARER. By *Kathleen Millay.* Morrow. $2 net.

A BRITTLE HEAVEN. By *Babette Deutsch.* Greenberg. $2.50.

THE CHINESE PARROT. By *Earl Derr Biggers.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

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Foreign

LES BOURREAUX. By HENRI BARBUSSE. Paris: Flammarion. 1926.

This is a well-documented attack upon the authors and leaders of the White Terror of the Balkan regions. To those who ask of the reports of the horrors and injustices of the White Terror, "Are they true?" Barbusse answers, "The truth is worse." The book is so filled with statistics, reproductions of official documents, verified incidents, and personal observations, that one must take as sincere the author's denunciation of a parasitic and red-handed ruling class, and his ardent defense of "a crucified people." M. Barbusse addresses a strong appeal to friends who will aid the Committees for the defense of the victims of the White Terror.

LA NAVIGATION INTERIEURE EN FRANCE PENDANT LA GUERRE. By *J. de Kerviler*. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires (Yale University Press).

ROWEN PENDANT LA GUERRE. By *M. J. Levainville*. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires (Yale University Press).

History

ENGLAND IN TUDOR TIMES. By L. F. SALZMAN. Scribners. 1926. $3.

In the brief compass of 138 pages Mr. Salzman, taking his material from contemporary sources, makes a cross section of life during the sixteenth century in England. The first chapter deals fittingly with the spirit of the Tudor age, the next three take up respectively life in the country, the town, and the home, the fifth concerns the church, while the last depicts a little of that adventure on land and sea which was the most striking feature of the period.

The book is profusely illustrated with odd and curious reproductions of contemporary manuscripts and engravings. Apart from the more conventional portraits, there are many illustrations from the obscure and untutored artists of the time, who showed their subjects swinking in the field, bringing in firewood, threshing and winnowing, and in the lighter occupations of fowling, swimming, and the Morris dance. Many of these are anatomically impossible, the features too large for the size of the head, and the head too large for the body, yet in their very exaggeration and accentuation they convey an atmosphere of realism lacking in the more studied prints.

Unfortunately, however, there is no method of telling the source of the majority of these illustrations. Apart from general acknowledgements in the preface, there is practically no statement as to their origin. This same criticism extends to the text. While the author says he has achieved his end if he has persuaded some of his readers to go and look at the original Tudor times for themselves, yet he does little to make this possible. While he refers in the text to such authorities as William Harrison and Edward Hall, contemporary chroniclers, he has no bibliography just as he has no list of illustrations. Although the use of footnotes may have been overdone at times in recent years, yet their total omission in a volume which raises frequent questions of considerable length cannot be regarded with favor. It is not sufficient to ascribe quotations to "a play of the period," "one who wrote in the days of Edward VI," or "a pamphlet." Even when names are mentioned, they often convey little information. Thus the author speaks of "Anthony Marten, writing shortly after the victory" (of the Armada), but he fails to tell who Anthony Marten was, to whom or what he was writing, or why his statement should receive special weight.

These are faults which could have been easily corrected in the making of the book. The added value to the reader and especially to the student would have far outweighed the additional labor of the author. There are many people, however, who will read this volume for the pleasure and information to be derived from it.

THE HUMAN ADVENTURE: The Conquest of Civilization. By *James H. Breasted*. THE ORDEAL OF CIVILIZATION. By *James Harvey Robinson*. Harpers. 2 vols. $5 each.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE. Compiled by *Charles Kohler*. Savannah, Ga.

CONSTITUTIONAL PROBLEMS UNDER LINCOLN. By *James G. Randall*. Appleton. $4.

THE HISTORY OF POLITICAL SCIENCE. By *R. H. Murray*. Appleton.

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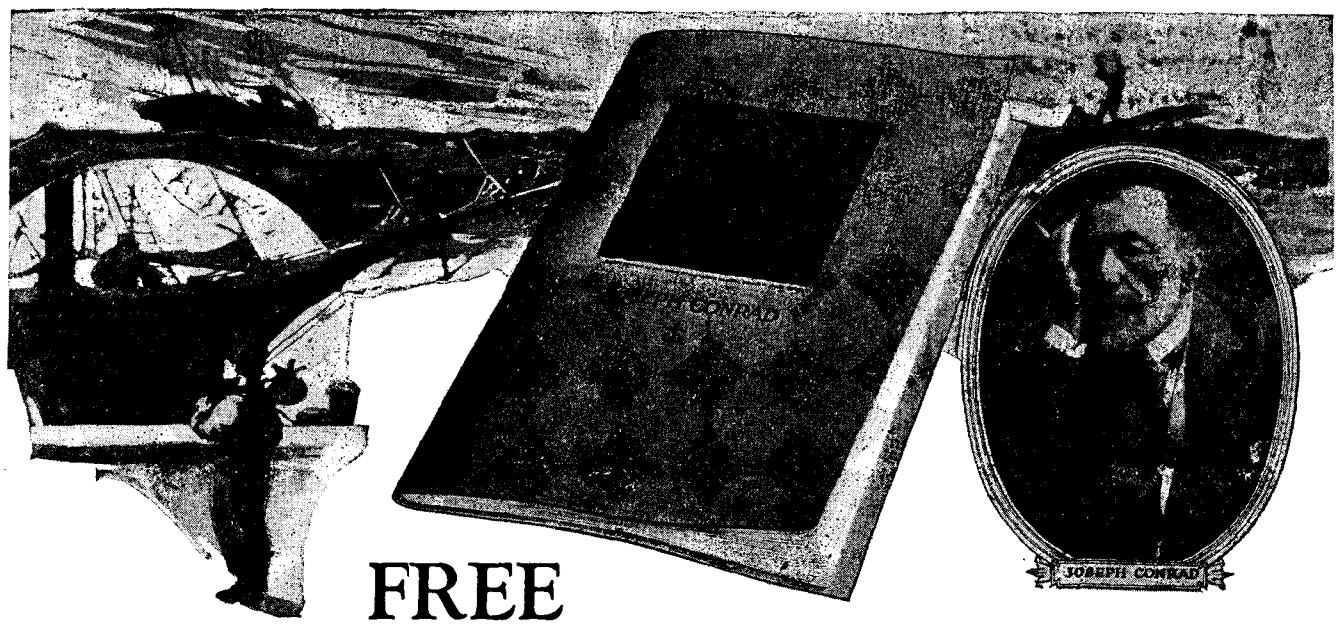

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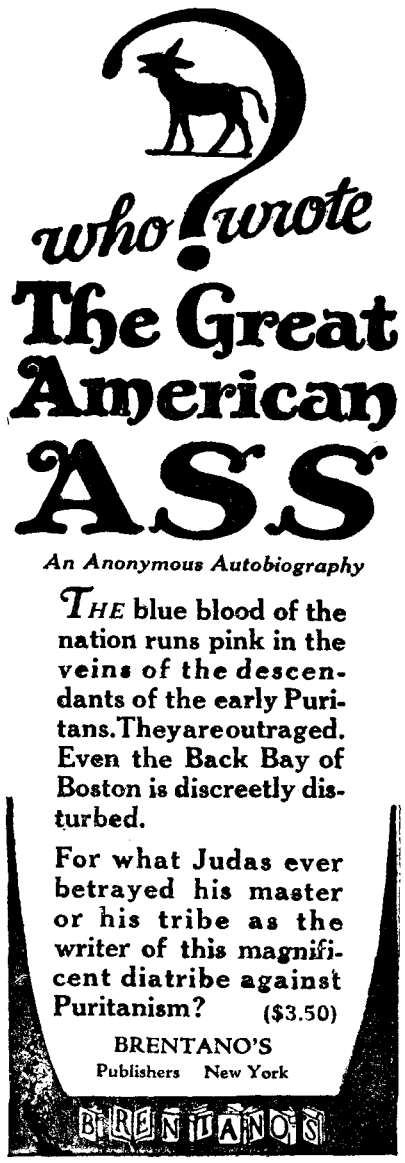
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THE HISTORY OF THE MOST NOTED PIRATES. New York: Empire State Book Co. $3.

THIRTY YEARS OF MODERN HISTORY. By *William Kay Wallace*. Macmillan.

LOYALISM IN VIRGINIA. By *Isaac Samuel Harrell*. Durham, N. C.: Duke University. $2.50.

THE SUPREME COURT IN UNITED STATES HISTORY. By *Charles Warren*. Little, Brown. 2 vols.

THE ART OF HISTORY. By *J. B. Black*. Crofts. $2.50.

SOCIAL THEORIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By *Bede Jarrett*. Little, Brown. $4 net.

A CANADIAN MANOR AND ITS SEIGNEURS. By *George M. Wong*. Macmillan.

THE INDEPENDENCE SQUARE NEIGHBORHOOD, PHILADELPHIA. Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co.

KYRA KYRALINA. By *Panait Istrali*. Translated by *James Whitall*. Knopf.

ANN'S CRIME. By *R. I. M. Scott*. Dutton. $2.

JANET THURSO. By *Alexander Moray*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

Juvenile

THE TREASURE SHIP. Edited by LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH. Scribners. 1926. $2.50.

Those familiar with contemporary juvenile literature will remember that delightful collection of prose and verse from eminent pens (or typewriters) made last year by Cynthia Asquith. It was called "The Flying Carpet," and has gone into its fourth large printing. Its present sequel, "The Treasure Ship," contains contributions by Barrie, Belloc, De La Mare, A. P. Herbert, Wodehouse, Hugh Lofting, A. A. Milne, Compton Mackenzie and others. It is a most attractive volume in every way, easily equal to its procursor. It has a brilliant jacket, a fine large type page, plentiful illustrations of an amusing character, and the contributions are all clever. It can be heartily recommended as a Christmas gift book, but would please as a gift at any time of the year. We do not intend to describe its contributions, for the respective authors have joined the enterprise with gusto, and have conceived and executed some of their best work in these pages.

ZOOLOGICAL SOLILOQUIES and MOTHER GOOSE SONG BOOKS. A. & C. Boni. 1926. $2.50 each.

These two large flat books, with their bright covers and pages in different colors and fantastic lettering are sure to catch a child's fancy. The "Zoological Soliloquies" are a combination of Kay Harshberger's rhymes, Holland Robinson's music, and Mac Harshberger's drawings. The song book features Holland Robinson's music and Mac Harshberger's drawings. Both books are recommended for the music rack of any cultivated nursery. A sample of the zoological verse is this pleasing trifle upon the woggle bug:

> The woggle bug is just the same
> Despite the woggle in his name
> As any bug.
> He has a little woggle child
> And they are snugly domiciled
> Beneath the rug.

"The Mother Goose Song Book" is, naturally, full of old favorites. The musical settings in both books are light and entertaining.

PHILIP AND THE FAUN. By WILLIAM BOWEN. Litle, Brown. (Atlantic Monthly Press). 1926. $2.

Philip, a little boy, the Faun, Festinus, and the Nymph, Arethusa, set out on a quest for their own Holy Grail, that is, for the blood of those mortals who believe in the old gods so sincerely that they are able to hear and see them. After many adventures the three succeed in their quest and, by means of the blood they have procured, they bring to life again, at least for a short time, the dead god Pan. Mortals, however, are no longer what they were in the early days of the gods: the blood with which Pan has been resuscitated is tainted with their indifference and Pan sinks to sleep again—to the relief of the other gods following in his wake who had been dreading the hurly-burly world of today into which he had been leading them.

This is the fairy tale for grown-ups that underlies Mr. Bowen's fairy tale for children. The symbolism is transparent enough and the mingling of phantasy and reality unusually successful. We rather think, however, that the simplicity both of matter and manner will make its apeal more directly to children than to their elders. Youngsters will like Philip and the Cook and His Nibs and the other very real characters in the story and they will follow the hero in his fanciful adventures among the gods with wonder and no sense of incredulity.

"Philip and the Faun" is an imaginative little tale, slight but not inconsequential, the sort of story the right kind of parent will enjoy very much reading to the right kind of small boy.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII. By *Bulver Lytton*. Illustrated by F. C. Yohn. Scribners. $2.50.

THE HOLLY-TREE AND OTHER CHRISTMAS STORIES. By *Charles Dickens*. Illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard. Scribners. $2.50.

A MAGICIAN OF SCIENCE. By *John Winthrop Hammond*. Century. $1.75.

MOTHER GOOSE SONG BOOK. Music by *Holland Robinson*. Drawings by *Mac Harshberger*. A. & C. Boni. $2.50.

HANS BRINKER OR THE SILVER SKATES. By Mary Mapes Dodge. Scribners. $2.50.

THE STORY OF MEXICO. By *Helen Ward Banks*. Stokes. $5.

WITH TARO AND HANA IN JAPAN. By *Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto* and *Nancy Virginia Austen*. Stokes. $1.

WINTER AT CLOVERFIELD FARM. By *Helen Fuller Orton*. Stokes. $1.

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THE VELVETEEN RABBIT. By *Margery Williams*. Illustrated by William Nicholson. Doran.

Philosophy

THREE CONCEPTIONS OF MIND. By ALEXANDER A. JASCALEVICH. Columbia University Press. 1926. $2.

Dr. Jascalevich, the first student to come from the Argentine Republic to study philosophy in the United States, marks in this volume the completion of his academic work at Columbia University. It is an interesting analysis of the psychologies of Aristotle, St. Augustine, and Descartes, and develops the author's thesis that after Aristotle, who regarded the mind as a natural phenomenon, European thought moved away from this point of view.

Aristotle approached the human mind with "the detachment of an ocular inspection." St. Augustine, while less detached, was prevented by his religious philosophy from making "a total estrangement of the mind from nature and from the body." Descartes, regarding the mind as "a tool for truth," freed it from nature and the human body, so that "the mind with him thus became lifeless in the same measure in which life became mindless."

Reading Dr. Jascalevich's careful summary of the three doctrines, one is left with the impression that whether naturalistically, theologically, or rationalistically, the analysts moved in a great circle, each in his mood, inquiring impersonally about the mind and, therefore, objectifying it. So, the fundamental problem arising out of Dr. Jascalevich's book seems to be what is it within the psychologist or philosopher who examines the human mind and reaches conclusions concerning its character or lack of character? Is it the mind become objective to its subjective self? And, if so, is all life spirit become objective to its subjective self? Perhaps Dr. Jascalevich eventually will carry his investigation further and give us his own opinion. Meanwhile, we welcome his little volume which shows originality and capacity for research and comparative study. We hope Argentina will send us other students as well equipped as he.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY OF CANCER. By *Elida Evans*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

CRIMINAL INTELLIGENCE. By *Carl Murchison*. Worcester, Mass.: Clark University.

WORDS, ANCIENT AND MODERN. By *Ernest Weekley*. Dutton. $2.

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER. By *Malcolm W. Willey*. University of North Carolina Press.

RADIO TALKS TO YOUNG PEOPLE. By *Daniel A. Poling*. Doran. $1.60 net.

FEED THE BRUTE. By *Marjory Swift* and *Christine T. Herrick*. Stokes. $1.

NARCOTIC EDUCATION. Edited by *H. S. Middlemiss*.

Religion

IS IT GOD'S WORD? An Exposition of the Fables and Mythology of the Bible and The Fallacies of Theology. By JOSEPH WHELESS. Knopf. 1926.

"Is It God's Word?" is an imposing tome of four hundred and seventy-four closely printed pages constituting a destructive commentary on the Bible from Genesis to Revelation. Mr. Wheless has done his work conscientiously; he has collated the authorized English Bible with the Hebrew and Greek originals; he has examined the text line by line; not an inconsistency or incredibility escapes him. Voltaire, Tom Paine, and Bob Ingersoll would one and all have had cause to flatter themselves had they produced the book, equal in wit to anything they wrote on the subject and superior in accuracy and thoroughness. But has Mr. Wheless, writing in the twentieth century, equal reason to flatter himself? Yes, and no. From the point of view of historical scholarship and fundamental understanding of his material, his book is, of course, quite worthless. A historical treatment of the Bible as the record of the myths and legends, aspirations, dreams, hopes, and fears of a great people during a thousand years of desperate struggle to survive, an appreciation of the quality of its poetry, or a study of the religion of its authors in terms of their own times were not at all to Mr. Wheless's purpose. "Is It God's Word?" is simply a reply to the recent Fundamentalist madness in words that the Fundamentalist can understand. Mr. Wheless, like him, takes the Bible out of its historical setting, looks at it as if it were a contemporary document, and shows irrefutably the absurdity of considering it to be a statement of inspired literal truth. If one is justified in answering the fool according to his folly, Mr. Wheless is justified.

AN OUTLINE OF CHRISTIANITY. Vol. V. Dodd, Mead. $5.

RELIGION IN THE MAKING. By *Alfred Worth Whitehead*. Macmillan. $1.50.

THE HISTORY OF THE TRANSLATION OF THE BLESSED MARTYRS OF CHRIST., MARCELLINIUS AND PETER. English version by *Barrett Wendell*. Harvard University Press. $5.

Science

GREAT MOMENTS IN SCIENCE. By MARION FLORENCE LANSING. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.50.

The moments enumerated by the present volume are "great" enough to speak for themselves—the first discovery of fire and its uses; of iron; of the true inwardness and practical glory of the silkworm cocoons; the stages in man's enlightenment in regard to the uses of the wheel; natural motive power; electricity, etc. That the moments are actually creative beginnings in industry, not, except in a few instances, in science, is interesting rather than important. The reader becomes somewhat breathless as he is rushed over the various fields in which man has extracted practical benefits by his ingenious grapplings with the laws and products of nature. The author has a quick eye for picturesque personalities and her glance covers all human history from Berosus, the Babylonian, to Marconi's wireless.

RELATIVITY. By *Sir Oliver Lodge*. Doran. $1 net.

EVOLUTION AND RELIGION IN EDUCATION. By *Henry Fairfield Osborn*. Scribners. $2.

OUR MOBILE EARTH. By *Reginald A. Daly*. Scribners. $5.

Travel

A WAYFARER IN PROVENCE. By E. I. ROBSON. Illustrated by J. R. E. Howard. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $3.

It would be hard to conceive of a more thorough and scholary descriptive study of southern France than this admirable contribution to the publisher's "Wayfarer Series." The chief value of the book, apart from the completeness of the itinerary followed, lies in the graphic erudition with which the author dilates upon Provençal history and literature. Knowledge of its past is indispensable to a liberal appreciation of this enchanting country, still, in its life of today, so deeply influenced by ancient traditions. The Roman conquest, the Dark and, above all, the Middle Ages have left in Provence a wealth of enduring tokens. Mr. Robson's aim has been to point the innumerable, captivating interests which the uniformed tourist, in his haste to reach the pleasure resorts of the Mediterranean coast, passes over without the faintest suspicion of what he is missing.

GIFTS OF FORTUNE. By *H. M. Tomlinson*. Harpers. $4.

EAST OF SIAM. By *Harry A. Franck*. Century. $3.50.

EOTHEN. By *A. W. Kinglake*. Illustrated by Frank Brangwyn. Lippincott.

DREAMS AND DELIGHTS. By *L. Adams Beck*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

CONSTANTINOPLE. By *Victor Murdock*. Revell. $2.

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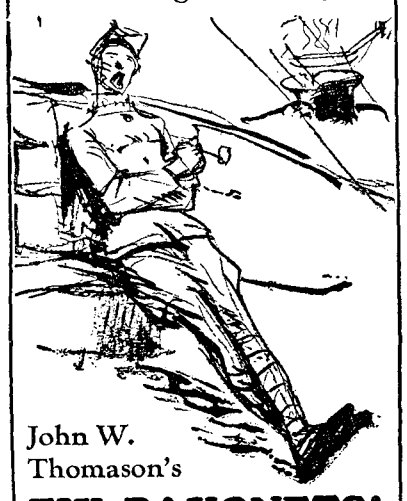

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

SUMMER STORM. By *Frank Swinnerton* (Doran).

IN QUEST OF THE PERFECT BOOK. By *William Dana Orcutt* (Little, Brown).

CARLO GESUALDO. By *Cecil Gray* and *Philip Heseltine* (Dial).

H. G. A., Philadelphia, Pa., asks for novels that discuss present-day problems of American family life.

THE problem in "Her Son's Wife," by Dorothy Canfield (Harcourt, Brace), is how to manage somehow when your only son marries a woman conspicuously unfit to bring up her daughter, your grandchild. Set forth in detail and with unflinching honesty, it is a study in bearing the unbearable, but I read it at one sitting because I felt the steady pull of an undercurrent setting toward a solution reached only on the last page. Meanwhile the wife has been to a certain extent sidetracked by convincing her, somewhat too easily, that she is bedridden: no doubt her mother-in-law had read "The Home Maker." Otherwise the situation is met fairly and squarely; the evidence is given in full and the conclusion convinces the thoughtful reader that it is sound.

The most successful marriage in the year's fiction is in Jeannette Phillips Gibbs's "Portia Marries" (Little, Brown), between a consulting engineer and a lawyer, each efficient to an appalling degree, who both keep on with their practices while raising a family. The moral seems to be that two human steam-rollers work as one if hitched side by side to the same engine. The book is one of the most promising first novels of the season because everyone in it is alive and jumping; the inefficient couple who balance the other two are just as completely realized: it would be hard to find shrewder realism than in the scene that reveals the mind of the egregious Austin playing about the idea of borrowing a thousand dollars. On the other side of the case is Bess Streeter Aldrich's "The Cutters" (Appleton), a chronicle of seven in family. This cheerful book centers on the idea that "the present generation says a great many things to hear itself talk—and then it goes ahead and does just about like folks have been doing for a couple of thousand years." The determination to prove that all things bright and beautiful result from staying put gives a certain sameness to the shape of its eleven episodes, for each one must come right back where it started from, but it makes jolly reading, and a good bit of the book would be hard to disprove. In "Her Mother's Daughter," by Nalbro Bartley (Doran), a woman who had a harsh childhood in Switzerland, pledges herself that her child in America shall have everything to make her happy. Something about this futile and god-like longing always transcends the poor human beings failing with it through the generations; a great novel may be written some day on this impulse. Some of it gets into Mrs. Bartley's life-like story, but not enough to make the novel altogether worthy of its opportunity. The opinion of young men on "Sorrell and Son," by Warwick Deeping (Doran), is valuable, seeing that it is a story of father and son, and I can report that I never heard more sincere praise for a book from men of widely varying types than I have heard for this. It was in the ship's library coming back, and not a woman on board had a chance to read it.

R. T. S., Chrisman, Ill., asks if there is an English newspaper that deals with problems of the English workingman, for a man especially interested in wage scales in various trades and occupations.

THE DAILY HERALD, the organ of the Labor Party, is read by workingmen and by the more radical of the intelligenzia: intended for the former, it probably circulates more widely among the latter. Judging from a bus-top survey, the favorite evening paper of the British workingman is which ever one brings him the racing results most rapidly: this applies also to Britons not working.

There is a brief description and analysis of the spheres of influence of each of the important London papers and several of those in other English cities in "Britain's Economic Plight," by Frank Plachy, Jr. (Little, Brown), a book that I hope will be widely read in this country. I cannot know if all it says is so, but I do know that it says what all American residents in England believe to be so, and says it clearly and courteously. It is a much-needed work.

S. G. H., Minneapolis, Minn., asks if the title of Jean Carrère's "The Pope" indicates that it is the life of just one Pope.

JEAN CARRÈRE'S "The Pope" (Holt), a translation from the French of a correspondent of *Le Temps* who has spent much of his life in Rome, is not a life of any one occupant of the Papal chair, but a study of temporay sovereignty, the "Roman Question," the long struggle of Peter and Cæsar. "Peter feels himself eternal, and therein lies his strength," says the author. "Under whatever new form, whatever unexpected mask, Barbarossa may reappear, we know that sooner or later the successors of Alexander and Peter will make him bow before their moral majesty and will ultimately destroy him."

C. S., Harmon, N. Y., and G. H. B., Lafayette, Ind., ask for practical books on the teaching of stage dancing.

"THE DANCE," by Margaret N. H' Doubler (Harcourt, Brace), gives detailed instruction not only in the fundamentals of movement, but in conducting classes, music, and other essentials in "a type of dancing at once creative and educational;" the author is Professor of Physical Education in the University of Wisconsin. This book has a bibliography that lists what seems to be every book in English on the subject of dancing, and a great many magazine articles. The second inquirer asked during the summer for recently published works on orchestration: he should add to those then suggested a new and authoritative "History of Orchestration," by Adam Corse (Dutton), a book valuable to professionals and interesting to the general reader who attends symphony concerts; it is a study of the development of this greatest of musical instruments from 1660 to the present day. One feature of the music of the present day is set forth with authority by Paul Whiteman in "Jazz" (Sears), a personal record. In the course of his analysis of this type of musical expression he makes it represent the composite essence of Americanism, "energetic, wistful, enterprising, and self-confident, above a substratum of humility."

L. M., Culver City, Cal., replies to the inquiry of S. G. M., Berkeley, Cal., about Paisley shawls:

"MAY I say that Paisley is a town in Lancashire, England, where the Paisley shawls first were made. I am speaking from hearsay when I tell you that they were first made in that town by one Scots family, who made one for a queen they loved which later was liked by Queen Elizabeth, who sought out the weavers of the shawl and commissioned more. The shawls were woven from the finest wool from Kashmir, took a long time—sometimes years—to make, and never were two alike in design. The finest could be drawn through a wedding ring. This may seen an exaggeration, but I must ask you to believe me when I say that my mother had a real Paisley shawl about four yards square which I watched my nurse, an old Scotswoman, draw through a ring—not my mother's ring nor her own. A superstition connected with the shawl is that it was 'lucky' only if drawn through a wedding ring an hour or so before the wedding ceremony was performed. I think the Oxford University Press publish a book on the Paisley shawl. These few earlier shawls are simply invaluable if still in existence. Latterly the Paisley shawl has been turned out by machines: they haven't the beauty of the handmade. The Kashmir shawl is made in India, and is quite different from the Paisley. Longmans, Green & Co. publish a book called 'Studies from an Eastern Home,' by Margaret E. Noble, in which there is a chapter on the Kashmir shawl, not illuminating nor complete, but interesting."

G. E. K., Hanover, N. H., has heard that there is a book that carries on the story of the people in "Treasure Island," and asks what it may be.

IT is—though I did not find this out for myself—"Porto Bello Gold," by A. H. Smith, but it precedes "Treasure Island" instead of carrying on the story. *J. E. P., Osterville, Mass.*, asks if any one can tell him anything about a magazine called *The*

(*Continued on next page*)

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Readers' Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Caesar" (Macmillan)—all Professor Davis's novels of ancient history are interesting as well as reliable—E. L. White's earlier novel, "The Unwilling Vestal" (Dutton), and a spirited novel by Seymour Van Santvoord, "Octavia" (Dutton), which is one excitement after another. And of course there is the old stand-by, Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis" (Little, Brown)—and "Ben Hur."

In non-fiction you may well head your list with "Roman Private Life and Its Survivals," by W. B. McDaniel (Marshall Jones), one of the admirable series called "Our Debt to Greece and Rome." This book is full of the detail that makes another civilization come alive to the young reader, and leaves him conscious of his kinship to the past. There is also "Sea Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero," by W. W. Fowler (Macmillan), and H. S. Jones's "Companion to Roman History" (Oxford University Press).

Randolph Faries's "Ancient Rome in the English Novel" (University of Pennsylvania) is interesting in this connection: it is a study in English historical fiction.

F. K., Ossining, N. Y., and N. R., New York City, ask for reading matter for very little children.

ONE of these letters stipulates that it should not be "too trite or pious." I haven't seen a pious book for children since they left off reading "The Wide Wide World," and as for trite—well, nothing is much of a platitude in the early springtide of life. This is something that the grown-up scarce remembers. Only the parent, attendant upon the supreme adventure of the first step, recaptures for a moment the thrill of that forgotten conquest of gravity.

So when I am starting very little children on the road of literature I give them the same old shoves: Mother Goose. Beatrix Potter, the Caldecott picture books, "Little Black Sambo." The only new ones I have added in the past few years are A. A. Milne's "When We Were Very Young" (Dutton) and "The Pinafore Pocket Story Book" (Dutton), the latter one of the best collections for family use that I know, if the family comes in small sizes. There is to be a new Milne book this fall, called "Winnie the Pooh," I have held its precious pages in my hand and been privileged to behold not only the pictures, which are as good as they were in the first one, but the nursery animals who sat as models.

There is a new list of books for children, compiled by Mrs. Thomas E. Coleman, Madison, Wis., that is worth attention among so many of these. The most striking feature is that it is so short—one page of closely printed titles. This does not mean that this is all the books there are, but that with these a child should have acquired a basis of appreciation for further reading. The stories for little children are "Aesop's Fables," edited by Joseph Jacobs; Bannerman's "Little Black Sambo," Chisholm's collection called "The Golden Staircase," which is arranged in order of age of reader; the "Cruikshank Fairy Book," Eugene Field's "Poems of Childhood," Holbrook's "Hiawatha Primer," the "Nonsense Books" of Edmund Lear, Lefevre's "Cock, Mouse and Little Red Hen," Mrs. Perkins's "Dutch Twins," Riley's "Rhymes of Childhood," Scudder's "Book of Fables and Folk Stories," and Stevenson's "Child's Garden." With this selection it is hard to quarrel; I don't know one more likely to keep a young reader reading—though I can't see why Field, Riley, and Stevenson all three appear on so short a list. However, this is the experience of a woman who is both mother and librarian, and she must have had reason for it. The list was sent me by the Wisconsin Free Library Commission, Madison, Wis., and I suppose they would send one on receipt of postage to inquiring parents.

H. J. K., Newark, N. J., asks if there is a manual of law for the layman that will explain to him his legal rights and responsibilities as a house-owner; he would like to be informed before he enters that state.

"LAW for the Home Owner," by John B. Green (Macmillan), is for those planning to build or to buy; it makes clear important matters about titles, rights, and privileges, and has a section on how to avoid trouble with neighbors. "I'll Never Move Again" is by Fitzhugh Lee, the hero of fifty-two moves (Dutton): it is illustrated by Don Herold, and contains spirited advice about troubles surrounding the lease, with rules for judging schools, conducting inquiries about neighbors, cellars, and fuel, and the relative advantages of renting or building. "The Business of the Household," by C. W. Taber (Lippincott), is one of an excellent series of Home Manuals; it is comprehensive and treats the house as much in detail as if it were a manufacturing plant.

O. M. S., Minneapolis, Minn., adds, to the list of American histories recently printed, "American Democracy," by Willis M. West, former head of the department of history at the University of Minnesota (Small, Maynard). "This is a one-volume epitome of the political and industrial history of the United States, designed for the general reader. No one can complain of a hackneyed treatment of the earlier history, and he attacks the modern era and its problems of public service corporations and special privileges with a punch and vitality that has not tended to make his book popular in certain quarters."

I. M. R., Alpine, N. J., interested in ancient history and archæology, asks if there is any book that gives a key to the pronunciation of Egyptian, Assyrian, Chaldean, and Babylonian names.

MR. HALL, of the British Museum, gives me the following information, for which he has the gratitude not only of the Guide, but of those of its readers who have tried to vocalize reports from the Valley of the Kings.

"Egyptian is of course pronounced, so far as the vowels are concerned, in the Continental (Italian and German) way: a long is "ah," i long "ee," u is "oo," and so on. Short e and i as in English. It may be taken for granted in the case of all ancient languages that the vowels are pronounced in this way. Nobody else in the world pronounces these a, i, e, vowels in the extraordinary way in which we English-speaking people do, a as "ay" (which should be "ee," as it is really an e-sound, not an a, while a should be "ah," as it is, exceptionally, in "father") and so on. "I" is the worst offender of all in English when long, though when short, it is all right. Nobody pronounces I long as "ai" except ourselves: its proper sound being "ee." So in Egyptian a is always "ah" or short as in "hat;" i always "ee" or as in "it." A with a dot over it in Egyptian was a sort of e or i; it is best to pronounce it as short a however at the beginning of a word and as short e or i in the middle of the word.

For the consonants, kh of course is not simple k: the h is not mute. It must be pronounced as the Scotch or German ch in "Bloch" or "Recht." Plain h is like ours: dotted h (the dot under it) is a hard explosive h from the back of the palate. Sir E. Budge often uses tch for a sound represented by others as z or dj, tj, or plain j. It is not to be pronounced like tkh (with the kh equal to German ch) but is the English tch in "catch." This form is however used by Sir E. Budge alone: everybody else uses z for dj. The sound really was like the French j; zh, or as the Czechs write it, z. [Not too far to strain the typographical resources of the S. R., the Guide adds that the Czechs write it z with a hook on top]. But as most English-speakers don't understand how to pronounce zh and make it a plain z without any h to it, Budge prefers to use the easily understood tch, which however does not quite represent the sound and has the disadvantage of representing one letter by three, as well as looking very ugly. Dotted t is practically d; dotted k is a very hard k, almost a g. Q *never* has u after it: it is pronounced as k.

A. H., Ruston, Louisiana, asks for books like "Andivius Hedulio," by Edward Lucas White (Dutton) and "Roman Life in the Days of Cæsar," by Alfred J. Church, to supplement a Latin course in a Junior High School.

OF all the stories that attempt to recreate the times of Julius Cæsar and Roman territorial expansion, I like best "The Conquered," by Naomi Mitchison (Harcourt), because it concerns itself with those Gauls who play, in "De Bello Gallica," the part of the red Indian in children's games, whose business is only to put up a stiff fight until the time comes to be killed. That they are in Mrs. Mitchison's novel not unlike certain Gaels of today does no harm, human nature holding to its habits as it does. There is also the same author's "When the Bough Breaks" (Harcourt), William Stearns Davis's "A Friend of

C. C. F., Richmond, Va., plans to print a trade magazine and asks advice, not only on some special problems (to which I have replied by mail) but in the choice of books that deal, in a brief but comprehensive way, with the business of printing.

YET Jacobi's "Some Notes on Books and Printing," De Vinne's "Plain Printing Types," and Gras's "American Manual of Typography." These will probably meet the problems arising in practical printing such as this, but in emergencies I strongly advise anyone near New York to visit, and anyone further away to address, the Typographic Library, 300 Communipaw avenue, Jersey City, whose librarian, Mr. Henry Bullen, has come to the aid of many.

A. W. A., Oberlin, Ohio, asks if an anthology of English satirical verse has not been published within the year, and what is its title?

"SATIRICAL POEMS," lately published by the Oxford University Press, is a beautiful book costing fourteen dollars, a most interesting reprint of eighteenth century satiric verses, edited by William Mason.

THE report comes from Paris that the Lenin Institute in Moscow is preparing a definitive edition of the writings of Lenin for publication in twenty-five volumes. The first to appear will be the work relating to "War and Revolution" dealing with labor's attitude toward the World War.

On the Air

Reviews of the following ten magazine articles of Octobe, selected as outstanding by a council of librarians, were broadcast under the auspices of *The Saturday Review of Literature* from Station WOR:

Is Democracy a Failure? Will Durant in *Harper's Magazine.*

The author of "The Story of Philosophy" discusses the arguments of those who claim that democratic government has broken down, and renders his verdict,—which includes a novel suggestion for getting better-trained and more efficient public officials.

The Worst Fundamentalism. William B Munroe in *Atlantic Monthly.*

This Professor of Municipal Government at Harvard wages war on the fatuities of our Political thinking and explodes many a favorite myth and lazy convention Religion is not the only field in which fundamentalism challenges science, he writes

The Church's Loss of Prestige. R. Rev Charles Fiske, D.D. in *Harper's Magazine*

Yet, it *has* lost prestige, says the Episcopal Bishop of Central New York. Why has it? He produces a formidable list of reasons, one of which is that the church has too readily imitated the methods of business boosters and politicians.

The Price of Political Independence. Andr Tardieu in *Century.*

A French politician relates his persona experiences stressing the fact that politica independence is the costliest luxury in whic any man in public life may indulge. H comments also on independent English an American politicians.

Our Moral Anarchy. Walter B. Pitkin i *Century.*

The author asked five hundred educate Americans to indicate the relative im portance of the Ten Commandments a moral rules. In this article he reports th surprising results of his investigation.

The Future of the Philippines. Stephen I Duggan in *Foreign Affairs.*

The Director of the Institute of In ternational Education and a member of th Educational Mission to the Philippines est mates native and foreign sentiment in th Islands and weights the reasons for an against setting them free.

Old Allies in China. K. K. Kawakami i *Atlantic Monthly.*

The author attempts to analyze the resu of the scrapping of certain alliances betwee Great Britain, Japan, and allies of Chin He prophesizes the enacting of a gre drama within the next decade in the F East. What attitude will the United Stat assume, he wonders.

My Philadelphia. Florence Kelley in *Su vey Graphic.*

Mrs. Kelley tells of her early intere in suffrage, peace, race justice, and indu trial evolution, and especially of the springs of purpose which have well forth in her nationally prominent activiti

How Should One Read a Book? Virgin Woolf in *Yale Review.*

Although the author admits she prescrib no cure-all, she does offer some valuab suggestions which enable one to profit m by reading a book.

Philadelphia. Alphonse B. Miller in *Am ican Mercury.*

A native Philadelphian denounces u mercifully his "Home Town," and t citizens who compose it. He tells you w he believes that, after all, Philadelphians a almost as funny as they're supposed to b

In his "Lettres au Patagon" (Par Mercure de France) Georges Duhamel h brought together six prose pieces, on t borderland between fiction and essays, s of which are tinged by a gentle skepticis and all of which show the author at h most whimsical best.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

THE HOUSE OF CHAMPION

EDOUARD CHAMPION, French publisher and bookseller, present head of the House of Champion, and conspicuous figure in the international booktrade, is to lecture this fall at Dartmouth, Smith, Yale, and Harvard. He is the sole agent for the British Museum for France, Switzerland, and Belgium; the agent for France for Harvard, Yale, Princeton, California, and Michigan universities; and has been, if less exclusive, of great usefulness to the Library of Congress and Columbia University. It was the house of Champion that, in 1923, negotiated the sale and supervised the transportation to the University of Michigan of the library of Henry Vignaud, late secretary of the American embassy, which occupied the greater portion of his spacious house, and which filled five cars with Americana, said to be the largest single shipment of its kind on record. M. Champion has organized for the United States a bureau of expert advice and assistance, presided over by a bibliographical specialist in close touch with literary and learned circles in both France and America, all free of charge. It is utilized already by several thousand subscribers and is an efficient aid in promptly obtaining Continental books—particularly if their purchasers live remote from the great centers which alone possess foreign bookstores.

The house of Champion was founded in the early seventies of the last century by Edouard Champion's father, Honoré, at 9 Quai Voltaire, Paris. Honoré succeeded the bookseller Thibault, known to the trade as "Le père France," father of Jacques-Anatole Thibault, father of Anatole France, the great French author. The shop was located on the left bank of the Seine, opposite the Palace of the Louvre. A score of years after his establishment at Quai Voltaire, where his reputation was made, he moved to the present shop, 5 Quai Malaquais, also opposite the Louvre close to the Institute of France. As a publisher he invariably sought out not the most profitable, but the best book, and employed in its fabrication only the best materials. He demanded a good price, but the discriminating buyer was always glad to pay it. He printed the thesis of the humblest students, when they appealed to him, recouping the financial deficit by selling books from his private collection, if necessary. A tremendous worker, he put through the press some 3,000 works, the descriptive catalogue which in itself was a monumental undertaking.

As a bookseller he had many original ideas. He was more interested in knowing the books he handled and placing them where they were most needed and would be of the greatest use, than he was in doing a large business measured in francs. He was a genuine bibliophile and experienced the keenest enjoyment in hunting down old books and manuscripts, and placing them where they would be the most appreciated. With Honoré Champion, bookselling was not merely a trade, but an art, a profession, and his enthusiasm and instinctive ability made him famous all over Europe.

Edouard Champion is a chip of the old block, with distinctive merits and achievements of his own, that entitles him to the interest and consideration of American bookmen. He has his father's excellent memory, capacity for hard work, conversational gift, hospitable disposition, while possessing the university education which his father lacked. On November 13, 1915, he married Julia Hunt, an American, and he claims, banteringly, on his wife's account to be half American. His principal lectures will be: "The Paris of 1926," "The French Academy at Work," "Marcel Proust," "The Latest Literary Wrinkles," and "Reminiscences of Anatole France." The lectures will be based largely upon personal experiences and original documents never before made public. M. Champion is enthusiastic about his tour, and doubtless American booklovers generally will take a warm interest in his lectures.

AN EXTRAORDINARY "FIND"

FROM London comes the report of a remarkable literary "find" under most unusual circumstances from the Isle of Arran on the west coast of Scotland. The tenant of Auchencaira Farm, near Lamlash, on returning from a day's labor at sheep-shearing, thrust his shears into a hole high up in the wall of his cottage. He noticed an obstruction, and on making closer investigation found what is believed to be a copy of the Kilmarnock edition of the poems of Robert Burns. On the flyleaf of the copy just found, which is a small blue-covered octavo volume, is written the name of John McIntyre, whose daughter has identified the book as one owned by her parents more than half a century ago. The Kilmarnock edition was published in 1786, and marked one of the most important epochs in the life of Robert Burns. In that year his farm at Mossgiel was not doing well, and he had resolved to emigrate to Jamaica. Lack of funds prevented his carrying out his plan, and his friend Hamilton persuaded him to publish his writings to obtain the necessary money. John Wilson, a Kilmarnock printer, agreed to undertake the publishing, and 612 copies were printed in July, 1786. Burns received £20 for his share of the venture. The collection of poems became at once so popular in Scotland, and attracted so much attention in London that Burns's future as a poet was quickly settled. The auction sale of the Kilmarnock Burns has grown steadily, with copies coming into the market very rarely. In 1858 a copy was sold for £3 10s, but Dr. Rosenbach paid £1750 for the Alexander Miller copy at Sotheby's in April of last year. Not more than six copies in the original blue wrappers are said to be extant.

MISS TARBELL'S EXPLANATION

THERE has been a widespread impression that the entire printing and plates of the first edition of Ida M. Tarbell's "History of the Standard Oil Company," were bought up by the Standard Oil interests to check unpleasant publicity. It now appears that this was not so. When the business of McClure, Phillips & Co., was sold to Doubleday, Page & Co., Miss Tarbell's books went over to the new publishers. But as she had an idea, possibly unjustified, that they would not care to keep "The History of the Standard Oil Company" on their list, and as her contract allowed her to take over her books, she purchased the plates of all of them, and they were finally placed with the Macmillan Company. By this time the edition of "The History of the Standard Oil Company" had been entirely exhausted. Miss Tarbell had decided to write a third volume, taking up the story where she had left it, and analyzing the latest developments; and the Macmillan Company decided to publish this new volume. But they did not think that it would be profitable to reprint the first two volumes. In the meantime, there came occasional demands for copies, and as these could not be supplied, the real explanation was supposed to be that the Standard Oil interests had bought the plates and suppressed the book, and that Miss Tarbell was a party to this transaction. In consequence of their scarcity, the book went to a high premium; and an enterprising pirate thought it worthwhile to have plates made in Europe, and import copies from the other side. The pirated edition caused the Macmillan Company to issue forthwith a reprint of the original two volumes. These facts are embodied in a letter written by Miss Tarbell and laid in a copy of "The History of the Standard Oil Company," offered in the sale at the Anderson Galleries on October 4.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE Columbia University Press has in preparation a book entitled "Western Days," by Agnes Wright Spring, of Fort Collins, Col. It is the story of the guarding of the Overland Trail from 1862 to 1865, and the life history of Lieutenant Caspar W. Collins, who, while a youth of 21, was killed at the Platt Ridge Fight with the Indians under Red Cloud. The book is based upon original letters, pen sketches and water color drawings written and made by Lieutenant Collins and his father, Colonel Collins. As a piece of Americana at an exciting period in western history, the volume should be of lively interest.

Under the title "Am Hofe der Herzöge von Burgun, Kulturhistorische Bilder" (Basle: Schwabe), Otto Cartellieri has gathered together a number of informative essays contributed by him at various times to periodicals. Together they form a picture of the Court of Burgundy as they do on the various p life in the days of the Dukes of B on knighthood, literature and art, the position of women, etc.

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The bread-and-cake cottage that Hansel and Gretel found in the forest has never been so fascinatingly pictured. The seven dwarfs watching by the bier of Snowdrop with what Pater would have called a "fantastic cirque" of rocks in the background, the chariot of Cherry, the Frog Bride, the valiant Little Tailor and the ferocious Unicorn,—the invention of detail, delicacy of technique, decorative strangeness of such panels have pleased us extraordinarily. . . .

Doran has also put out in "The Golden Years of Childhood" a limited edition of two thousand copies of a large paper pamphlet announcement of their books for boys and girls, intended for the use of booksellers and librarians. This is a *de luxe* catalogue, plentifully illustrated by tipped-in color plates from all their important children's books. It is the most ambitiously prepared announcement we have seen for some time. . . .

The successful joint theatrical work of *Maxwell Anderson* and *Laurence Stallings* has now been compressed between book covers by Harcourt, Brace and Company in "Three American Plays." "What Price Glory?" naturally leads off in the volume, followed by "First Flight" and "The Buccaneer." This is the first time that the text of "What Price Glory?" has been published in any form. . . .

Speaking of buccaneers, Dodd Mead has out a fine big six dollar new edition of "A General History of the Robberies and Murders of the Most Notorious Pirates from their First Rise and Settlement in the Island of Providence to the Present Year," by *Captain Charles Johnson,* edited by *Arthur L. Hayward.* Mr. Hayward remarks that nothing is known of Captain Charles Johnson, "the name may even be an assumed one. All that can be stated with any certainty is that in 1724 a small octavo volume appeared" with the present title. No one knows where the original author got his information but his accuracy has been proved again and again. The present book is reprinted from the Fourth Edition of Captain Johnson's original work, which was at that time enlarged to two volumes with fourteen additional lives. The spelling has been modernized, the punctuation corrected, but otherwise Johnson's original remains almost untouched. The volume is a handsome one with the original plates as illustrations. . . .

The last volume of *Anatole France* to be illustrated by the renowned *Frank C. Papé* is "Thaïs" (Dodd Mead). This, like "Penguin Island" and others, is a beautiful book. Papé's fine draughtsmanship, with its humorous diablerie, perfectly suits France's fantasies, as it has suited certain of Cabell's. . . .

Is it true that at a large book store in this city an elderly maiden lady asked for "that book—you know—without any title." What she carried home was "A Book Without a Name" being the eighteenth century Journal of an unmarried English Lady, addressed to her natural son—but what she was actually looking for was "The Book Nobody Knows," by *Bruce Barton.*

A fine book for boys is the new edition of "Prester John" by *John Buchan* (Doran), illustrated in color by Henry Pitz. There is adventure aplenty in its wide pages and the tale is, of course, written with distinction. *George Wharton Edwards* has furnished pictures in color for the new Scribner edition of *Mary Mapes Dodge's* children's classic, "Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates." . . .

Robert Cortes Holliday is now Director of the Department of Authorship at the Mawson Editorial School, 131 Clarendon Street, Boston. Bob says, "the stuff is jinuwine name-blown-in-the-bottle brand, and the bottle is the one absolutely non-refillable bottle ever invented." In other words, R. C. H., with a fine editorial record behind him, to say nothing of his voluminous authorship of distinguished essays and other books, is undertaking to instruct those interested in the art of Writing for Publication. "The fundamental element of beauty," he says sanely, "is appropriateness to a given end." But, he adds, "A curious idea prevails that one just writes *writing.* The fact is quite otherwise. . . . Lifting the heavyweight crown and making a *début* at the Metropolitan Opera House do not reflect abilities more diverse than writing a political editorial for the *New York Times* and writing a successful piece for *Snappy Stories.* Yet there are people all over the land who might be happily singing, say, in the *Elks' Magazine,* who right along are taking the count from, perhaps, the *Atlantic Monthly.*" Bob intends to discuss in his course, for one thing, the differing constituencies that the different magazines serve. "Our parish is anything from a limerick to a novel," he avers, but he will teach from deep and wide experience just where to dispose of your particular literary wares if they contain any spark. "Finally, the student will be treated with a candor unobtainable elsewhere, so far as I know, by the aspirant to literary success." It all sounds good to us, and we think that Bob is decidedly the mentor to elect, if you are trying to write. . . .

Mary R. Van Stone has collected and transcribed "Spanish Folk Songs of New Mexico," well printed with music for your music-rack by Ralph Fletcher Seymour of 410 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. *Alice Corbin* has written her a foreword. All the folk-songs included are sung by the native Spanish-speaking people of New Mexico, and the tunes are familiar to anyone who has lived even a short time in the state. . . .

John Masefield is turning up in this country, and it is reported that the moving-picture rights of "Sard Harker" brought him in twelve thousand pounds. Such, at least, is the figure his publishers, the Macmillan Company, give. Well, we for one, like to see a poet making great wads of money (it is so excessively rare a sight), and we'll never forget Sard Harker's passage of the high Sierra,—even though the end of the book was sheer, preposterous melodrama, unworthy of Masefield. . . .

Lewis Browne, author of "This Believing World" is now in Russia, studying the religious developments there under Communist rule. He stopped in Germany *en route* to examine some unpublished source material on the life of *Heinrich Heine,* as he is writing a biography of the poet in collaboration with *Elsa Weihl.* . . .

And so,—good hunting!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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He liked his liquor, when he could get it, and his friends were sailors, stevedores and water-front bums.

During this period he read Conrad, Kipling and Jack London.

In 1912 *his health broke down, and he entered a sanatorium where he decided that he wanted to write.*

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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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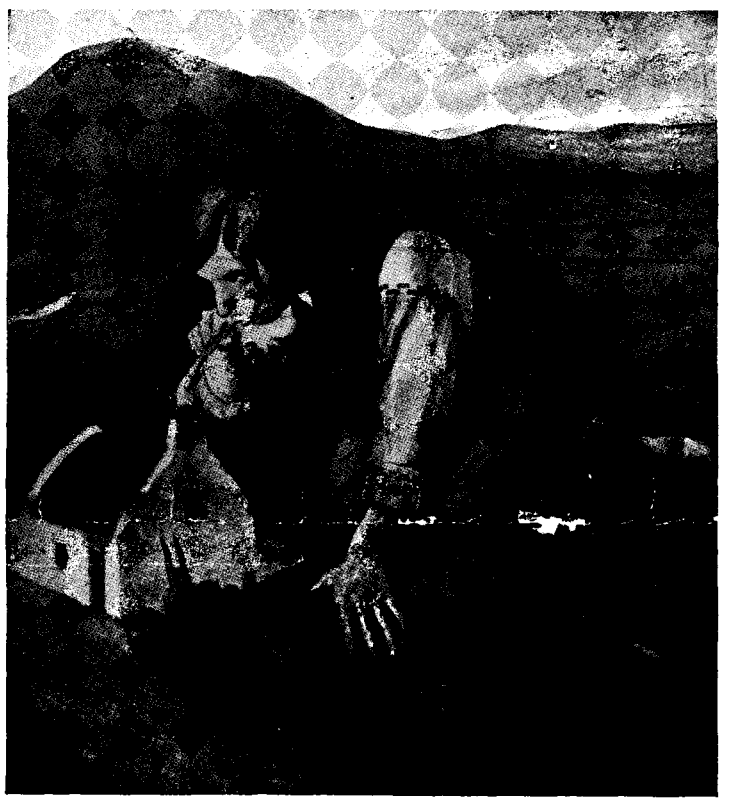

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President Charles W. Eliot — By *William Allan Neilson*
Woodrow Wilson: State Papers — Reviewed by *C. A. Bennett*
Jim Tully's "Jarnegan" — Reviewed by *Clayton Hamilton*
Walpole's "Harmer John" — Reviewed by *Stephen Graham*
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